

KIDDIES SIX

WILL M. MAUPIN

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA
SAN DIEGO

presented to the
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SAN DIEGO

by

Tom Ham

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

"KIDDIES SIX"

A MODEST LITTLE VOLUME OF VERSE

FROM THE PEN OF

WILL M. MAUPIN

WITH A FOREWORD FROM
RICHARD L. METCALFE



DONE INTO PRINT BY UNION WORKMEN
IN THE EMPLOY OF THE CLAFLIN
PRINTERY, UNIVERSITY PLACE

LINCOLN, NEBR.,  OCTOBER 1, 1911

FIRST EDITION, TWO THOUSAND

DEDICATION

To My Own Children, and to the Children of All
Men Everywhere:-

From the pink-faced Newest Arrival to the Biggest Boy who has flown the nest--the children whose love and laughter make the world worth while; the unfolding of whose precious lives is a constant miracle, mystery and entertainment; the responsibility for whom acts as a balance wheel to keep us from running wild; whose caresses are balm for every wound received on life's battlefield; whose happiness is ample reward for every sacrifice; whose sorrows and troubles make us forget our own—to them, in the hope that something herein may add a bit of joy to their lives and give evidence of the love I bear them, this little volume is lovingly dedicated.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

Lincoln, Nebraska, August, 1911.

A F O R E W O R D

Some one has said that "Poets are all who love—who feel great truths and tell them." That being true, Will M. Maupin is entitled to rank among the real poets.

Some of the sweetest things I have ever read came from the pen of this talented man; and over and over again during a quarter of a century he has made my own heart go pit-a-pat with the music of his words.

"'Give me a theme!' the little poet cried,

'And I will do my part,'

"'Tis not a theme you need,' the world replied;

'You need a heart.'"

Mr. Maupin has "the heart," and he could not, if he would, conceal it in his song.

If poetry is something to make us wiser and better by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has set in all men's souls, then Will M. Maupin has rendered a service to mankind.

I am sure that everyone who reads "Kiddies Six" will feel that he has advanced many miles along the road to Loveville. The gates of that beautiful city open wide to the music of a pen that would have made Mr. Maupin the master of millions of money of the realm if half the loving heartbeats it has brought to life could be coined into gold.

RICHARD L. METCALFE.

MY PRAYER

God, for the gladness of this day,
Grateful, I come tonight.
Through all the days to come, dear Lord,
Guide Thou my steps aright.

I thank Thee, God, for health and friends,
And strength to work with cheer;
Grant me refreshing sleep this night,
Free from all care and fear.

And may I waken calmed, renewed,
And ready for the day;
Whether of sorrow or of joy,
Help me to keep Thy way.

Grant, Father, purity of heart,
And courage for the right;
Grant me the gift of cheer alway,
And favor in Thy sight.

Amen.

VAIN SURMISING

Mamma's knitting little stockin's just as cute as they
can be,
An' I wonder who will get them, 'cause they're much
too small for me.
Just th' littlest, tweeniest stockin's, almost like my
dollies wear,
But they ain't made for my dollies, 'cause they both have
got a pair.
An' some dresses—long an' ruffled, an' th' sweetest,
softest lace—
An' a lot of other fixin's mamma sews with smilin' face.
My, I just can't help but wonder when such pretty things
I see
Who will get them when they're finished, 'cause they're
all too small for me.

Yesterday, when I was playin' with my dollies on th'
floor
Mamma stood an' watched a minute as she leaned against
the door;
Then she smiled at me and asked me if I wouldn't
rather dress
A cute little baby brother, an' of course I answered, yes.
"Will you get me one?" I asked her; but she smiled and
walked away
To sew more on little dresses purt' nigh all the livelong
day.
An' I couldn't help but wonder for whose child they all
could be,
For I know I couldn't wear 'em 'cause they're all too
small for me.

Just last night I asked my papa if a brother cost too much,
An' he laughed an' said to mamma, "Don't her questions beat the Dutch?"
Then my mamma smiled and kissed me an' said, "Well, perhaps some day
We will get one from the doctor as he drives along this way."
So all day here by the window I have watched for Doctor Strong,
An' I wish that he would hurry, 'cause I hate to wait so long.
If he hasn't got a baby he must get one, for, you see,
All the dresses mamma's making are a lot too small for me.

FROM THE VALLEY

No, I ain't a carin', doctor, whether it be girl or boy,
Though f'r weeks I've calculated that I'd like t' have th' joy
Of a man child t' come after an' t' bear his father's name;
But a girl or a boy child, doctor, I confess it's jus' th' same
Till I know that she who brung it from th' shadow o' th' vale
With th' col' damp on her forehead an' her cheeks so thin an' pale,
Is a goin' t' stay with me—that is what I want t' know,
'Cause if she can't journey with me, then I jus' don't want t' go.

Boy or girl—I ain't a carin' till she who's a layin' there
With th' sunshine of th' old days still a gleamin' in her
hair,
Puts her hand in mine an' whispers, as she did in days
of old,
"I'll go with you on life's journey," an' th' skies were
bright as gold—
Till she smiles again an' presses her wan, fevered hand
in mine
An' clings to it like th' tendrils of th' mornin' glory
vine,
I'm not carin' if th' baby is a daughter or a son,
F'r I'm thinkin' of another, an' yon suff'rer is th' one.
Feelin' all right, is she, doctor? See, she's smilin' up at
me
An' the old love-light is shinin' brighter'n than it uster
be.
An' a little bit o' color in her cheeks begins t' shine
Like it did away back yonder when she laid her hand
in mine.
Now we'll jus' inquire out yonder where we hear that
little cry
If th' stork has brung a daughter or a son—say, doc-
tor, I
Wisht you'd just inquire an' tell me—I'm a brimmin'
o'er with joy.
Glory, halleluja, doctor! F'r th' stork has brung a boy!

WHERE PLEASURE IS

You may think you are enjoying all the good there is in
life

When you bend your mind to winning big rewards in
business strife.

You may think you're having pleasure when you play
the social game,

Or imagine you are happy as you reap rewards of fame.

You may watch the gold and glitter of the ever passing
throng,

And imagine life is pleasant as a summer evening's song.

But in this life's greatest pleasure you will never have
a part

Till a baby's tiny fingers reach and twine about your
heart.

You may think that gold will purchase all the good life
has in store;

You may think life is worth living but to reach and
grasp for more.

You may travel foreign countries, you may sail the
ocean's foam,

And imagine greatest pleasure may be found away from
home.

You may lead in the procession marching on to great
success,

Or imagine you are happy in the battle's storm and
stress;

But towards the goal of pleasure you've not even made
a start

Till a baby's tiny fingers reach and twine about your
heart.

O, the lights of home! How pleasant when the tired
worker sees
Beams that flash to him a welcome through the nodding,
bending trees!
O, the home sounds! How the music rings and swells
upon the air
When the little home's door closes, shutting out the toil
and care!
O, the laughter of the children! How it lifts the weary
load
From the worker's tired shoulders as he rests beside the
road!
What a wealth of love and pleasure from the very mo-
ment start
When a baby's tiny fingers reach and twine about your
heart!

FOR ME

I ask not wealth or golden store,
Nor right to rule my fellow man.
Just this I ask, and nothing more,
To live my life as best I can.
I ask not fame, nor high estate,
Nor argosies upon the sea.
I only ask that loved ones wait
To give sweet welcome unto me.

I ask no crown of high finance,
Nor plaudits from the crowding throng.
I only ask a man's fair chance
To save my loved ones from all wrong.
I ask not for the pomp and power
Of those who rule from golden throne.
I only ask that every hour
I can provide well for my own.

DICKY BOY

"Now tell me a 'story," says wee Dickey Boy,
When night pins her robe with a star;
When hushed is the strife of the workaday life
And troubled tomorrow's afar.

"Now tell me a 'tory," and cuddling close,
His little head pressed o'er my heart,
He smiles as he waits for the tale Dad relates—
"Let's see; now how does it start?"

"It's 'bout a big, black bear," says wee Dickey Boy,
As he cuddles up closer to me.

And thus well begun the bear story is spun
To wee Dickey Boy on my knee.

"P'ease tell it aden," murmurs wee Dickey Boy,
But e're the old tale is retold

Wee Dickey Boy's feet are soft pressing the street
That is paved with sweet Slumberland's gold.

Sometimes "Sing a song" is wee Dickey Boy's plea,
And Dad's up against it for fair;

For he lacks many things a man needs when he sings,
Including the tone and the air.

But to wee Dickey Boy Dad's a singer of fame,
So Dad warbles of "birds in the pie"—

"Dat's dood; sing aden," says Dickey Boy when
He tries to rub sleep from his eye.

Then of the old soldier with one wooden leg,
And his comrade, the sailor, I hum

Till his soft, happy sighs and his tired closed eyes
Inform me the sandman has come.

Then I kiss the sweet lips of my wee Dickey Boy,
And down in my heart—'way down deep—

I know fairies and gnomes sing to him as he roams
Through Slumbertown, county of Sleep.

THE BABY

He's a roly-poly, cunning little mite,
Such a smiling, dancing, cooing, elfin sprite,
That his smile makes burdens lighter,
And his love makes dark days brighter,
And his presence gives a feeling of delight.
Such a constant source of happiness and joy
Is this rosy-lipped and brown-eyed little boy.

Such a funny little language that he speaks—
Little gurgles, little cooings, little squeaks.

But each little intonation
Bears its bit of information,
And the cunning little dimples in his cheeks,
Coming, going, like the sunbeams in their play,
Lighten up my little cottage ev'ry day.

When I feel his cunning fingers on my face,
Feel the little lines of love his fingers trace,
With no king, though high his station,
Loyal, strong or wide his nation,
Would I trade "for keeps" my humble lot or place.
For no kingly place could ever give the joy
That I feel when playing with the baby boy.

When the angels hover o'er him as he sleeps,
And their loving care a constant vigil keeps,

Who can tell the joy I'm feeling
When the love light is revealing
Ev'ry smile that o'er his rosy visage creeps?
Such a joy no kingly ransom e'er could buy;
And we have it daily, darling, you and I.

God watch over you, my baby, every day;
Guard thy footsteps as you journey on life's way.

Keep your feet from ever straying,

Every wrongful action staying—
Be thy life a life of service—this I pray.
May your heart be ever loyal, brave and true—
All our hopes, dear little boy, are fixed on you.

RICHARD METCALFE MAUPIN

Funny little fellow, with a fuzzy little head,
With a face so small and red,
Lying on your dainty bed—
Precious little atom, of God's glory but a part,
You have walked into my heart,
Nestled there right from the start.
And the touch of your wee fingers gives a joy
That no gold could ever purchase, little boy.

Cunning little fellow with your wond'ring eyes of
blue
Looking up with startled view
On the great world strange and new;
Dainty little fellow, such a tiny little mite
Lying on your pillow white
Blinking at the softened light;
You're a messenger from heaven, God's envoy,
With a wealth of love and laughter, little boy.

Darling little fellow, starting out on life's highway,
On your little head I pray
Richest blessings day by day.
Sturdy little fellow, with your little hand in mine,
'Round you all my heartstrings twine,
'Round you shines a light divine.
May your life be one of service and of joy;
Life that is well worth the living, little boy.

THE SECRET

'Twas th' funniest thing, and the way we laughed
As we sat there all alone,
Would have made one think we both were daft
If the truth were not made known.
But the baby laughed 'cause she saw it first,
And she shook her sides with glee;
And then the fun of it quickly burst
Upon her old Dad—that's me.

The way it happened was just this way:
Baby and I were there,
She in the crib on the pillows lay,
I in my easy chair.
The warm sun shone in the cosy room
And lighted the baby's face
Till it looked as pure as the lily's bloom,
And fair as the lily's grace.

The baby looked at her Dad a while,
Her blue eyes full of fun,
And over her face a little smile
Rippled and broke and run.
Dad smiled right back—she smiled some more—
Then both just shook with glee;
And mamma peeped in at the open door
To see what the fun might be.

But the baby holds the secret well—
Never a word says she.
The joke was bully, and she won't tell;
And neither will Dad—that's me.
But, O, 'twas a wonderful joke we had,
Just shared between us two,
Baby Blue Eyes and her Doting Dad—
And don't you wish you knew?

WONDERFUL

Huh! What care I for all this talk
Of war with brash Japan?
And what care I for "yellow peril,"
The pigtailed Chinaman?
Let warriors clash and cannon roar
And spread war's reckless ruth;
I've got no time to notice it—
The baby's got a tooth.

They tell me Mr. Harriman
With greedy, lustful grasp,
Has got the railroads gathered in
His sternly squeezing clasp.
But I'm not worried. Greater things
Than railroad grabs, forsooth,
Demand my strict attention now—
The baby's got a tooth.

The president and Foraker
May scrap till they are through;
The whole canal bunch may resign
And vanish from our view
Without a bit of interest
To me—to tell the truth
The biggest thing in sight today
Is baby's brand new tooth!

BABY BLUE EYES

Baby Blue Eyes, Baby Blue Eyes!
What has the future in hiding?
Is it the joy for the loving and wise?

Never a cloud there to dim the bright skies?
Sunshine of joytime where laughter ne'er dies?
All in the future abiding?

Baby Red Lips, Baby Red Lips!
What is in store for the morrow?
Flowers to touch with your soft finger tips?
Pathways of roses where love ever trips?
Nectar of gladness the hummingbird sips?
Never a care nor a sorrow?

Baby Brown Hair, Baby Brown Hair!
What of the years coming after?
Never a burden of want nor of care?
Never a sorrow to own or to share?
Nothing but happiness spread everywhere?
Sunshine, and joy time and laughter?

Baby Pink Toes, Baby Pink Toes!
If for thee years I were making,
Nothing you'd know of the weary world's woes;
Never you'd walk where grim poverty grows;
Life would be sweet and as bright as the rose—
Love guard thy sleeping and waking!

THE YOUNGEST BOY

He's dreaming of a hobbyhorse
And lots of pretty toys;
He's dreaming of tin trumpets and
All things that make a noise.
He's dreaming of a soldier cap,
And of a tenor drum—
And smiling while he's waiting for
Old Santa Claus to come.

He's dreaming of the reindeer
That haul the Christmas sleigh;
He's dreaming of the candles
That light the Christmas way.
He's dreaming of the sleighbells
That ring adown the road,
And smiling while he's dreaming
Of Santa and his load.

Dream on, O little brother;
And wake on Christmas morn
To find the horse and helmet,
The toys and noisy horn.
Smile on amidst your dreaming,
And may God grant to you
A happy Christmas morning,
With all your dreams come true.

GROWING UP

A big boy now! How time does fly. It seems but yesterday,

As clad in knickerbockers, with his little blocks at play,
He spent the daylight hours—just an elfish little mite—
And when the chickens went to roost kissed me a fond
goodnight.

It seems but yesterday he climbed with joy upon my knee
To beg for fairy stories that would fill his soul with glee;
But yesterday I stroked his head adorned with clinging
curls—

But bless me, he's a big boy now and going with the girls!

It seems 'twas but a month ago, or but a year at best,
He had to seek his dear mamma to be slicked up and
dressed.

But now he wears my choicest ties and—goodness how it hurts—

He casts his longing eyes upon my collars, cuffs and shirts.

Not long ago he scorned to wash his hands above the wrists,

But now on having scented soap and like things he insists. He's growing up! I know the signs, for many years ago I had the same experience, and guess I ought to know.

Not long ago his shoes were brown and skuffed about the toe,

But now their shine is something great and ebon in their glow.

Although but yesterday a patch concerned him not at all, Today 'twould give his heart a wrench and give his pride a fall.

And not so very long ago his hair ne'er felt the brush, But now a hair left out of place would make the youngster blush.

'Tis wonderful the rapid change that in a boy's displayed When he has got his eyes upon some blue-eyed little maid.

The other day I read a note—I own 'twas on the sly— He'd written to a little maid, and with a laugh then I Began to joke him and declare that he was smitten hard;

But, bless you, he would not let on that my sarcasm jarred.

Not he! He turned the joke on me, for in a day or two Another note—the “darling” kind—came underneath my view.

And when I said that it was “soft” the “worst I ever saw,”

He yelled with glee and showed 'twas one I'd written to his ma.

THE BIGGEST BOY

The "Biggest Boy" is not at home—
He "flew the nest" last night.
I knew the day was bound to come,
And yet tears dim my sight.
The "Biggest Boy" has said goodbye,
And gone to play his part
On life's grim battlefield, and I
Am lone and sad of heart.

The "Biggest Boy" said, "Goodbye, Dad!"
And "Dad" said, "Goodbye, son!"
And then the boy with head erect,
Went forth—his work begun.
And over in the corner there
"Dad's" eyes will fall upon
The "Biggest Boy's" now vacant chair,
And miss the boy that's gone.

The "Biggest Boy" gulped back a sob
When on his lips was pressed
The little mother's goodbye kiss,
When mother's hands caressed.
And then he smiled and went his way
To fight and win, or die;
While "Dad" and mother could but say,
"God bless you, son; goodbye!"

The "Biggest Boy" is in the ranks
Of that great fighting band
That seeks by arts of toil and peace
To upbuild this fair land.
And "Dad" and mother fondly hope
As only parents can,
The "Biggest Boy" will do his part,
And do it like a man.

LITTLE MAN

The "Biggest Boy" has gone away,
But "Little Man" is here.
I miss the "Big Boy's" heavy tread,
But rising sweet and clear,
I hear the "Little Man's" request
When "Daddy's" face he sees:
"I'm papa's ownest Little Man—
Give me a penny please!"

The "Biggest Boy" is not at home,
And though his absence hurts
At least there's comfort—I can find
Clean collars, socks and shirts.
And when I look about and see
The "Little Man" at play,
That lonesome feeling in my heart
Just somehow fades away.

The "Biggest Boy" has "hit the trail,"
But "Little Man" still stands
Beside his "Daddy's" easy chair
And stretches out his hands;
He smiles and says with coaxing voice
While climbing on my knees:
"I'm papa's little man today;
Give me some candy, please!"

One boy has gone to fight his fight;
One boy remains with me—
The "Biggest Boy" with bearded lip,
The "Little Man" aged three.
And may the one who's far away
'Midst life's hard toil and care
Remain as fond of "Dad" as he
Who stands beside my chair.

TWO O' MINE

Little Miss Margaret Bumpety-bump,
Whose tears are soon chased by her laughter;
And Young Master Dickeywick Thumpety-thump,
Who always comes tumbling down after.
Two little tykes who are ever at play
Till the clear stars begin shining,
Then, snuggled in bed at the close of the day,
Baby arms lovingly twining.

Hither and yon through the day's speeding hours,
Heedless of wind or of weather;
Building in sandpile or plucking the flowers,
Ever and always together.
Shadows of eventide gathering 'round
Find the two ready to greet me;
Happy my heart when I hear the sweet sound—
Little feet running to meet me.

Little Miss Margaret Bumpety-bump
Perches upon her Dad's shoulder.
Young Master Dickeywick Thumpety-thump—
Being a boy and much bolder—
Clings to Dad's back as they enter the door
Ready for mamma's sweet greeting.
Then for a romp on the sitting room floor
For minutes forever too fleeting.

Bedtime at last, and each small nodding head
Tells that the sandman is trusty;
Then off to the folds of the dainty white bed
Are carried the youngsters so lusty.
Sleep, babies; sleep! And through the long night
May angels of God without number
Guard thee and keep thee till dawn's rosy light.
In joys of a dreamless child-slumber.

GOOD NIGHT—SLEEP TIGHT

The old clock strikes the hour of eight,
And worn with childish play
My little ones kneel gently down
At mamma's knee to pray.
Then off to bed each sleepyhead
To dream till morning light;
But ere the fairies' wings are spread,
They whisper low:
 "Good night—
Sleep tight!"

All day the house rings with their play,
And nought they knew of care.
The childish griefs that come their way
Are trifles light as air.
A sob, a kiss, and all is well,
And grief has taken flight;
The fairies weave their magic spell
And then we hear:
 "Good night—
Sleep tight!"

"Good night—sleep tight!" God guard your rest.
Then wake to greet the day.
"Good night—sleep tight!" By angels blest
As night hours drift away.
When at the close of day they kneel
In little robes of white,
The sweetest thrills of love I feel
To hear them say:
 "Good night—
Sleep tight!"

AT EVENTIDE

Two little shoes, run-down and worn,
Tossed in the corner over there;
Two little stockings, soiled and torn,
Lying beneath the rocking chair.
One little sweater, one little cap,
Little knee pants, a shirt once white—
All in a heap, and in my lap
One little lad, his eyes shut tight.

Two little arms that 'round me twine;
Two sturdy legs worn out with play;
One little heart that beats 'gainst mine,
Full of joy at the close of day.
One little nightie donned at last,
Ready the lad for slumber deep;
One more day with its joytime past—
One little moment—then asleep.

Sleep, little boy, till the morning breaks;
Dreamless sleep till the stars shall fade,
And the rising sun ev'ry songbird wakes
And music rings in the leafy glade.
Sleep, little boy, and watch and ward
O'er thy cot may the angels keep.
Safe in the arms of the children's Lord—
Sleep, little laddie—sleep, sleep, sleep!

WANTED—A NAME

Wanted—A name for the baby;
That sweet little mite of a miss,
With pink hands and feet, and puckering lips sweet
Held up for a fond parent's kiss.
Rosie, or Josie, or Mary;

Or Margaret, Lilly, or May;
Priscilla or Prue—does any suit you?
We've just got to name her today.

Wanted—A name for the baby
That's nestling there fast asleep;
A precious wee mite on her pillow of white
God gave us to guard and to keep.
Annie, or Carrie, or Hazel;
Or Annabel, Oral or Jo;
Annetta or Sue—does any suit you?
We've just got to name her, you know.

Wanted—A name for the baby,
That little pink image of love
That came with the year with a message of cheer,
Straight down from the mansions above.
Maggie, or Katie or Flora;
Or Amethyst, Kittie or Bess;
All good, I suppose—but dear goodness knows
We'll just call her "Sister," I guess.

LONELY

O, but it's dull and lonesome, and the house is strangely
still,
When the day is done and the setting sun hangs low o'er
the western hill;
Silent and dull and lonely, for now at the close of day,
No shouts of glee are awaiting me—the kiddies have gone
away.
Left me, their dear hands waving, and faces alight with
joy—
Rena so tall, Margaret small, Dor'thy and wee Dickey
Boy.

And so, when the twilight gathers, and daylight fades to
gloom,
Silent and sad and lonely I wander from room to room.

There in the corner lying a tattered and well-worn
shoe,

And I think I see in my fancy free a pink toe peeping
through.

A small sunbonnet hanging just there on the bedroom
wall,

And out of the gloom of the quiet room ghost voices
seem to call—

Voices of happy children who left me but yesterday
For the woods and streams and the sunlight gleams of
the quiet country way.

And the ghostly echoes answer the call of my lonely
heart,

And I seem to see hands beckon me over the miles that
part.

Out in the open country, out where the breezes play,
The kiddies run in the wind and sun, happy and free
and gay,

Picking the flowers that blossom, and weaving their daisy
chains,

Joining in song as they play along in the shade of the
country lanes.

And the echoes of joy come to me as sitting alone out
here,

I dream day dreams of the woods and streams that com-
fort my kiddies dear.

Silent and dull and lonely, and the home sounds strangely
stilled—

But my children play in the country way—and my heart
with joy is filled.

THREE O' MINE

Eyes-o'-Brown and Sunny Hair,
And Dickey-Winktum-Wee,
Two beside my easy chair
And one upon my knee.
Thus the evenings come and go
Till Mr. Sandman's call
Sets three wee heads to nodding low
And tired eyelids fall.
"This is the way to Sleepytown—
Jump into bed and cuddle down!"

Eyes-o'-Brown wants "an'mal tales,"
Of bears and woolly things;
While Sunny Hair most loudly wails
For whirr of fairy wings.
But Dickey-Winktum-Wee just winks
His laughing eyes at me—
I wonder what the young man thinks
Perched there upon my knee?
"So sing hey ho for Sleepytown—
Jump into bed and cuddle down!"

"Once there was a big black bear"—
Two pairs of eyes grow bright;
Two forms press closer to my chair
As if to banish fright.
"And once there was a brave young boy"—
Then dimpled faces shine,
While I with fairy lore add joy
To these sweet tots of mine.
But Dickey-Winkum-Wee just crows
Till off to Sleepytown he goes.

“Now I lay me down to sleep”—
The good night prayers are said.
The fleecy clouds of slumber creep
Above each little head.
Eyes-o'-Brown and Sunny Hair,
And Dickey-Winktum-Wee—
God guard and keep from ev'ry care
My little ones for me.
Safe in the shades of Sleepytown—
Tucked in bed and the light turned down.

MY PA

My pa c'n make th' finest kite
'At any feller fied;
Th' cross-sticks balanced up jus' right
An' tail all fixed and tied.
'At is, my pa he says he can,
But it jus' seems somehow
'At ev'ry time I ast him to
He says, “I'm busy now.”

My pa can take a willer stick
An' trim it nice an' clean,
Then make a whistle jus' as slick
As any feller's seen.
'At is, my pa he says he can—
He can, too; bet a dime—
But when I ast t' make me one
He says, “I haven't time.”

My pa c'n catch th' mostest fish
Of any man I know.
He's caught an' awful lot, I guess;
At least he's told me so.

But when I ast him f'r to' go
With me he'll allus say,
His head a-shakin' solemn-like,
"I ain't got time t'day."

My pa c'n run a hun'erd yards
As fast as any man;
An' beat 'em all hop-step-an'-jump—
That is, he says he c'n.
But when he runs t' catch a car
I'm tickled most to death,
F'r he don't get more'n half a block
Till he's clean out o' breath.

I bet my pa c'n do more things
An' do 'em better than
Most any feller in this town—
At least he says he c'n.
An' then he picks th' paper up,
An' by th' time it's read
He ain't got time f'r anything,
'Cause he must go t' bed.

THE NAME

They figured first on Raymond,
Then Clarence, George or John;
They thought somewhat of Eugene,
But none could fix upon.
Some thought was given Edward,
And quite a bit to James;
In fact they were quite worried
Among so many names.

One good friend wanted Arthur,
Another wanted Paul;
One uncle mentioned Asa,
Another said, "No, Saul."
Grandpa suggested William
And grandma Benjamin;
Then went the list together
And then began again.

They dwelt awhile on Peter,
On Matthew, Luke and Mark;
They argued from the morning
Until the day grew dark.
They argued long and loudly
Until one fateful day
They quickly got together
And named her Charlotte May.

THE LOOKOUT MAN

Now listen, little children, and I'll tell a story true—
And better you remember, for it means a lot to you—
For if you heed the lesson, then when Christmas time is
here
You'll get a lot of presents, and a lot of Christmas cheer.
The Lookout Man is walking when the stars begin to peep,
To see if little children are in bed and fast asleep:
And all who act up naughty, and don't mind their ma's
and pa's;
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa
Claus.

I knew a little fellow once who got real bad, and said
He didn't care for Santa Claus, and wouldn't go to bed;
And said he didn't have to mind—O, he was awful bad—

And didn't seem to care a mite in making folks feel sad.
But when it came to Christmas, he didn't get a thing,
For Santa Claus had heard of him, and not a thing he'd
bring.

He knew that bad boy's record—better mind your ma's
and pa's;

The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa
Claus.

I also knew a little girl who was just awful bad.

She wouldn't learn her lessons, and she always got so
mad

If anybody told her to be still and hush her noise—

Well, she was always wishing for a lot of Christmas toys,
But when 'twas Christmas morning, to her wonder and
surprise

An empty stocking hanging in the corner met her eyes.
You see, she acted naughty—better mind your ma's
and pa's;

The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa
Claus.

The Lookout Man is peeping through the windows every
night,

And counting up the children who are always acting
right

And going off to bed at once when told it's time to go,
And never pouting, not a bit, or taking clothes off slow.
He puts them in the good book, but the bad ones in the
bad—

And when he writes a bad one, O, he looks just awful sad.
For he knows they will get nothing—better mind your
ma's and pa's;

The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa
Claus.

“DOOD MORNIN’ ”

Each morning when the sun comes up
To tint the east with red;
When birds sing sweet the day to greet
In branches overhead,
'Tis then I fully realize
I'm rich beyond compare,
For sweet and clear a voice I hear:
“Dood mornin', pop! You dere?”

The cares of day may vest the night
With visions dark and strange;
And through my sleep dark phantoms creep
And dismal doubtings range.
But when the morning sunlight breaks—
Then farewell doubt and care,
For sweet and clear a voice I hear:
“Dood mornin,' pop! You dere?”

The day dawns bright and hope revives.
The tasks it brings to me
Seem to be small if but the call
Comes fraught with childish glee.
And light of heart I face the day,
For on its morning air
Comes music sweet my ears to greet:
“Dood mornin', pop! You dere?”

When life is done, its task laid down;
When comes eternity;
I humbly pray the judgment day
Will bring one boon to me.
One boon I ask of Thee, dear Lord—
That in that city fair
My ears shall hear that greeting clear:
“Dood mornin', pop! You dere?”

JUST MONEY ENOUGH

I never cared to be as rich as some men that I know,
For riches ain't the greatest thing in this old world below;
And men don't always feel the best because they've lots
of wealth,

For gold, though legal tender, won't buy its possessor
health.

But I'd just like to have enough of money so when I
Am called on winter mornings I'd be able to reply:

"Uh-huh! All right, I'm getting up in just a minute,"

Then

Roll over kind o' lazy-like and go to sleep again.

I never cared to own a yacht or private car so fine,
And automobiles are too strong—I don't want none in
mine.

I won't want such a pile of gold that folks will envy me,
Nor mix in deals that won't let my old conscience feel
quite free.

But I'd just like to have enough laid carefully away

So when I'm called at 6 a. m. I'd feel quite free to say:

"Uh-huh! All right, I'm getting up in just a minute,"

Then

Roll over kind o' lazy-like and go to sleep again.

To corner markets, water stocks and float a trust or two
May be the things that millionaires think lots of fun to do;
But I don't want to have no fun that causes others woe—
Or by a robbing set of laws make my own fortune grow.
I don't want millions—that's too much—my wants are
not so great;

I only want enough so I at 6 a. m. could state:

"Uh-huh! All right, I'm getting up in just a minute,"

Then

Roll over kind o' lazy-like and go to sleep again.

DAY DREAMS

I long for the days of the barlow knife,
And the sore toe tied with yarn;
For the "mumblepeg" and the "Boston taw"
In the shade of the moss-grown barn.
I even yearn for a stone bruised heel,
Or a back burned red by the sun;
For the old-time zest for my couch of rest
I had when the day was done.

I long for the days of the "sight unseen,"
And the peg tops spun with twine;
For my old-time place down at second base
As one of the village "Nine."
I even yearn for the finger bunged
Or the thumb with a ragged split;
Or the old-time lump on my bulging brow
That showed where the baseball hit.

I long for the days of the swimmin' hole,
And the "swish" of the old fishline;
For the "crockries," "aggies," "glassies" and
The "nealies" that once were mine.
I even yearn for the blistered hands
That came from the old grub hoe;
For the appetite that came with night
In the days of the long ago.

I long for the days that are long, long dead,
When my heart was free from care;
For the sunny hours when my boyish soul
Was as light as the summer air.
But, thank the Lord, I am living yet,
And I thank Him, too, that I
Can sit at ease when the day is done
And dream of the days gone by.

SANTA CLAUS' BOOKS

When the evening shadows gather and the time is eight
o'clock

You can hear, if you will listen, Mr. Sand Man's gentle
knock.

Then you'd better hustle lively—time your evening pray-
ers were said

And every boy and girl well tucked in downy little
bed.

For when Mr. Sand Man's knocking sounds the signal,
you may know.

Santa Claus is closely watching from his palace built
of snow,

And the children that are naughty and don't mind their
ma's and pa's

Get their names down in the "Bad Book" that is kept
by Santa Claus.

Boys who never split the kindling, and the girls who
always cry

When they're asked to wash the dishes—Santa Claus has
got his eye

On such boys and girls, and watches with a sad and sorry
look

As he writes each name in sorrow on the pages of the
book.

And the girl who never hurries, but lets mamma do the
work,

And the boy who's always scheming all his little chores
to shirk—

They may think no one pays notice when they don't help
ma's and pa's,

But their names are in the "Bad Book" that is kept by
Santa Claus.

But old Santa keeps a "Good Book"—it's the bestest
book of all,
Where he writes the names of children who are prompt
at duty's call.
And the boys who splits the kindling and the girls who
never shirk
But rise early in the morning and help mamma with the
work;
And the boys who never grumble when there's work for
them to do,
And the girls who help their mammas till the housework
is all through—
O, they needn't ever worry when it's Christmas time,
because
All their names are in the "Good Book" that is kept by
Santa Claus.

Is your name down in the "Bad Book?" Well, there's
still a chance for you,
And if you will listen to me, I will tell you what to do.
Don't act naughty, don't talk rudely, don't be noisy, be
polite,
Get up early in the morning, early into bed at night.
Cheerfully perform each duty, do your work before you
play,
Never put off till tomorrow work than should be done
today.
If you do these things, dear children, it will please your
ma's and pa's,
And your names go in the "Good Book" that is kept
by Santa Claus.

RELICS

A little box with tear-stained lid
Beneath which many things lie hid.
And often when the twilight's gloom
Paints memory faces o'er the room,
I leave the world of toil and care,
And seated in the old arm chair,
I ope the lid and fondly gaze
Upon the things of other days.

A little box with tear-stained lid
Beneath which sacred things are hid.
A little shoe out at the toe—
O, baby boy, I love you so—
A tiny cap with upturned brim
That eloquently speaks of him—
These are the treasures laid away
To gaze upon at close of day.

A little box with tear-stained lid
Beneath which treasured things are hid.
A broken top, a toy, a whip,
A crippled ox from Noah's ship;
A tiny stocking—all the wealth
That men secure by work, or stealth,
Would not suffice to buy from me
One thing I ope the lid to see.

A little box with tear-stained lid
Beneath which love worn things are hid.
As long as Death's dark angel roams
To lay a blight on happy homes,
Full many a box will hide away
The relics of a happier day;
And when the evening's echoes call
Upon their lids hot tears will fall.

MY CHILDREN AND I

When I was but a little boy, and just about so high,
I read of Lincoln's early toil, and of how hard he'd try
To get some learning in his head—and I remember, too,
My Dad would say, "Remember, son, and always keep
in view

Abe Lincoln's way of doing things and you will win
success."

But something has gone wrong or else I sadly miss my
guess.

I've got some children of my own, but whene'er I begin
To tell 'em of my boyhood days they look at me and
grin.

I tell 'em when I was a boy how many miles I'd go
To school, and tramp with ill-clad feet through slush and
frozen snow;

How thin my clothing, poor my books, how dreary was
the room

In which I sat upon a bench amidst the dust and gloom.

I tell 'em how I had to toil and never, never had
A nickel or a dime to spend from my hard-working Dad.
But when my children hear me talk they discount more
than half,

And then they lean back in their chairs and laugh, and
laugh and laugh.

I tell 'em when I was a boy we had no picture shows;
No matinees, no street car rides, no pretty boughten
clothes;

How hard we children had to work from early dawn till
night,

And then to bed in some cold room with naught but
candle light.

Then in most solemn tones I'll try to make my children
see

How awful proud of their old Dad they really ought
to be;

How much of all their youthful joys they really ought
to think—

But just when I'm most solemn-like they'll look at me
and wink.

I tell 'em when I was a boy bicycles were unknown;
That roller skates and boughten dolls were things no
child could own.

And then I try my very best to make 'em realize
How much the blessings that they have they really ought
to prize.

I draw a contrast 'twixt the time when I was just a lad
And times like these, to make 'em seem how hard a
time I had.

But just about the time I think I've got 'em going well
They'll look at ma, who merely smiles—and then they
fairly yell.

God bless their souls! I'm really glad they're mighty
hard to stuff

With all those tough old tales of yore, and similar sort
of guff.

For all I try to make 'em think my boyhood days were
sad

I guess I had as much of fun as any fellow had.

I know I had a better time than my own father knew
When he was but a little boy—and I'll confess to you
I wouldn't have my children miss a single childish joy
Because it never came my way when I was just a boy.

CONTENT

Sittin' 'round the fire in the lamplight's mellow glow,
A listenin' to th' children as they patter to an' fro;
Just rockin' back an' forruds, puffin' smoke rings in
th' air,

With a conscience clear an' easy, nothin' on my mind
but hair,

I am feelin' good a plenty, an' my heart is full o' joy
At th' very thought o' livin' midst true love without
alloy.

So I'll let the politicians rave an' rant their fullest bent
While I sit at home o' evenin's full o' joy and sweet
content.

Sittin' 'round th' fire with my children by my knee,
An' a happy little mother rockin' gently close t' me;
I don't envy Rockefeller all th' gold at his command,
'Cause I got more things t' live for than he'll ever have
on hand.

An' I woudn't exchange places with th' Laird o' ol
Skiboo,

Takin' all his load o' trouble, givin' up my loved ones
true.

But t' just sit here a rockin' softly, gently, to an' fro
Is about th' sweetest pleasure that I ever hope t' know.

Happy laughter ringin' 'round my humble little place;
Sweetest smiles a chasin' o'er each happy little face;
Not a single care t' worry till I face th' world again
When I got t' marketplaces t' confront my fellowmen.
Peace an' comfort 'round me, not a care t' cause a frown,
I'm no millionaire, but only just th' gladdest man in
town.

Sittin' 'round th' fire listenin' while th' children sing,
I'm the richest man in Lincoln, an' as happy as a king.

NOD-A-VILLE

To the quaint old town of Nod-a-Ville,
Out there in the Sundown West;
Just over the crest of Slumber Hill,
Where the evening shades lie cool and still,
And the birds have gone to rest—
To a quaint old house on Quiet Street,
Deep shaded by Sleepy Tree,
While the sighing breeze sings low and sweet
They haste away with their willing feet,
My babies three—with me.

Dick-e-Dum marches with air sedate,
And Margy-ree—half-past two—
Waddles along with a queer-toed gait,
Worried for fear that she may be late,
And the dark blot out the view.
But Charlotte May—brand-new you know—
She couldn't climb Slumber Hill—
So she rides a knee the journey through,
And the only comment she makes 's "goo-goo,"
On the way to Nod-a-Ville.

In the quaint old house they softly creep
As the sun sinks in the west;
And kneeling there in the silence deep
They whisper their "lay me down to sleep,"
And in God's strong arms rest.
O, Nod-a-Ville! Through all the night
May angels watch o'er thee;
And when the morning has dawned clear, bright
Send back with their faces rosy alight
My babies three—to me.

THE FLAT OWNER'S FATE

A rich man built a row of flats.
All modern and complete;
A velvet lawn stretched out in front
Along the noisy street.
And then he tacked a sign up high
Above the passing crowd:
"These handsome, modern flats for rent—
No children are allowed."

He garnered rents in golden store
And riches high he piled,
The while the echoes never rang
With laughter of a child.
No childish feet went pitty-pat
Adown the marble halls;
The gloomy corridors ne'er rang
With children's happy calls.

The rich man died, as all men must,
And neared St. Peter's gate,
And o'er the golden arch he saw
The words that sealed his fate.
The words he saw were writ in flame,
And seared his hard heart well:
"This place is full of little ones—
You'll have to go below."

THE ROAD TO SMILEVILLE

There are golden roses that bloom and blow
In the balmy winds and the golden glow
To greet and cheer as I daily go

Along the road to Smileville.

The winds sing sweet in the leafy trees,
And a rich perfume lades the summer breeze,
While a nectar sweet calls the humming bees

Along the road to Smileville.

There are shady nooks in a flowered lane,
And a vista clear of the waving grain;
There's a balm for every ache and pain

Along the road to Smileville.

There are songs to cheer as I wend my way;
There are echoes sweet as the children play;
And the sky is blue and my heart is gay

Along the road to Smileville.

In a cosy cottage on Quiet street
My darlings wait with their kisses sweet,
And they run to meet me with flying feet

Along the road to Smileville.

'Tis a charming road that is ever new;
And the cheery ending is e'er in view;
And a lasting welcome is waiting you

Where ends the road to Smileville.

THE MEANEST MAN

I've heard of men so awful mean
They'd skin a flea for hide and tallow;
Or lick a soup bowl slick and clean,
No matter if 'twere deep or shallow.
I've heard of men so mean of heart
They'd squeeze down hard on ev'ry dollar
Until the Goddess fell apart
And was compelled to loudly "holler."

I've heard of men so mean and "near"
The thought of wear gave them keen twinges,
And so they climbed the fence for fear
To swing the gate would wear out hinges.
And once I knew a man so mean
His heart was wont to quickly flutter
If children at his board were seen
To use molasses on bread and butter.

But of all men described as mean
There's one who's worse than all the others;
His heart so small, his soul so lean,
That all good thoughts he quickly smothers.
He is so mean, and always was,
That as excuse for never giving
He says there is no Santa Claus—
And he's the meanest fellow living.

HOME AGAIN

There's a face at the window and smiling at me;
A little hand waving in babyish glee.
And shadows that lurked in the eventide gloam
Are banished—the baby is once more at home!

The silence that reigned through the old sitting-room;
The hall that was shrouded in echoless gloom;
And long, lonesome hours with slow, steady pace—
All changed by a glimpse of a sweet baby face!

The welcomeless coming when day's toil was done;
The long, cheerless eve when dark shadows were spun;
The long, lonesome night with no joys to beguile—
All changed by the gleam of a sweet baby smile!

The burden of toil through the hours of the day
Grow lighter at thoughts of an evening at play
With baby at home; and I'm waiting to see
The bright smile of welcome that's waiting for me.

Now pressed to the pane is the sweet smiling face;
A hand waves a welcome with infantile grace.
And brighter and brighter the sun shines above—
At home is a baby, and welcome, and love.

GOIN' OUT TO GRAN'MA'S

I'm goin' out to gran'ma's an' have jus' lots o' fun—
Gran'ma never scolds me when I shout an' romp an' run.
She says 'at little chil'ren 'at is kep' in school all day
For more'n eight months of th' year has gotter right
to play.

An' when I go to see her she jus' says 'at I kin do
Mos' anything I want 'er till vacation time is through.
I'm sorry for th' fellers 'at can't never go to see
Their gran'mas in vacation—mine is mighty good to me.

Pa says he'll have some quiet jus' as soon as I leave town;
But gran'ma says 'at she jus' loves to have me playin'
roun'.

An' mamma says she bet a cent 'at gran'ma she'll get
mad

At me for trackin' mud in doors an' actin' awful bad.
But when I'm gone I bet my pa'll wisht 'at I was back
'Cause when he smokes it's me that brings his ol' ter-
backer sack.

An' mamma—well, she'll miss me, too; 'cause when th'
baby's bad

She says I'm jus' th' bestest nurse 'at she mos' ever had.

Las' time I was to gran'ma's, my papa wrote to me

An' says he wants to see me, 'cause he's lonesome as can
be.

But gran'ma she jus' laffed an' said I better have my fun,
'Cause pa would see enough ov me when that ol' school
begun.

Say, gran'mas makes th' bestest jam 'at any boy kin eat,
An' she ain't allus kickin' 'cause a kid don't wipe his
feet.

She says it's human natur' f'r us boys to be jus' boys—
That's why I like to go there, 'cause she lets us make
a noise.

Gee whizz! I'm so excited that I jus' can't hardly wait
For ma to get me ready—say, she's slower than a freight!
My gran'ma wrote a letter 'at th' kittens and th' calf
Wus actin' up so funny that they'd make a preacher laff;
That chickens wus a scratchin' till she's skeered a'most
to deff

They'd keep up with their scratchin' till she had no
garden lef'.

She says f'r me to hurry, an' to make them chickens
fly—

There comes th' bus' to git me—I gotter say goodby.

A LULLABY

There's a queer little house in Lullaby Town,

Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

Just over the hill on the lane winding down,

And a queer little room with lights burning low,

And shadows that flicker and dance to and fro—

O, haste, little comrade; together we'll go—

Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

Hush-o, my baby; hush-o, my sweet,

Come to the cottage on Slumberland street,

Clasped to my heart together we'll go,

Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

On Slumberland street in Fairy Land Square,

Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

Haste, little comrade, we soon will be there;

Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

Soft, downy couch that the angels have spread;

Slumber, my darling, and God guard thy bed;

Sleep till the sun paints the morn a rich red—

Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

WRITING IT AT HOME

A bunch of four—four happy kids
Chock full of fun and pleasure.
All four a mighty big expense,
But ev'ry one a treasure.
And when I want it quiet like
So I can do my writing,
The noise that bunch begins to make
Sounds like two armies fighting.

One clammers over my machine;
One asks for help with "numbers."
One for my pencil makes demand;
One my tired knee encumbers.
"A dozen eggs cost forty cents,
What will three dozen cost?"
And by the time I work it out
My thread of thought is lost.

One sticky hand is reaching out
To grasp my thinning locks.
One piercing voice makes loud demand
For help with building blocks.
"My peniel's broke; please sharpen it
So I can write the rest"—
And then the thoughts I've garnered in
Are all knocked galley west.

But when, at last, the sandman comes
And all four little heads
Are resting on the pillows white
Of two soft, downy beds;
And all is quiet 'round the house
Where once the noise did ring,
I start to write—and then can't think
Of a dodgasted thing!

BED TIME

Weary with play but with eyes aglow
With love that the babies only know;
Tired of roaming through room and hall;
Tired of answering each other's call—
So, when shadows of evening creep,
And friends, the birdies, have gone to sleep,
Two tired kiddies come close to me,
Perch each one on a favorite knee,
Nestle two heads on my willing breast,
Then sigh contented and sink to rest.

“From Widdleton to Waddleton is fourteen miles;
From Widdleton to Waddleton,
From Waddleton to Widdleton,
From Widdleton to Waddleton is fourteen miles.”

Shining brown eyes looking into mine,
Four loving arms that around me twine;
Two little hearts that are full of joy—
Goldenhaired girl and a sturdy boy—
I sing for them in humble rhymes
Of the giant days and the fairy times.
Thus does the eventide glide by
Till the sandman closes each sleepy eye,
And sinking to sleep in my sheltering arm
I leave them to Him who will shield from harm..

“Rich man livin' in de city o' Jerusalem,
O, bless de Lam',
O, bless de Lam',
Rich man livin' in de city o' Jerusalem,
O, bless de Lam'!”

Nestled in bed 'neath the covers warm,
Shielded from storms that would do them harm;

Two little kiddies are laid to rest
When the sundown purple fades from the west.
And bending over their snow-white bed
I breathe a blessing upon each head.
And answering shadow a message brings
That comes with rustle of angel's wings—
A message of love for my darlings there
Asleep and under the good Lord's care.

“Sleep, little babies, sleep, sleep, sleep,
God in His goodness keep, keep, keep.

Dream happy dreams

While the starlight gleams,

Sleep, little babies, sleep, sleep, sleep.”

BABY'S SHOES

Lay them away, stained by a mother's tears;
Precious keepsakes through the coming years.

The baby's shoes, the tips now slightly worn—

The spring heels frayed by running o'er the floor—

Lay them away, with heartstrings wrenched and torn,

For baby's feet will wear them never more.

But through the gloom of all the coming years

The baby's shoes will ope the fount of tears.

Lay them away, and sacred memory

Will cluster 'round them till his face we see—

Until in robes of angels' purest white,

With harp swept by his little fingers blest,

His smile shall banish all the gloom of night

And call us to his Father's endless rest.

Those little shoes! Through all the coming years

They'll speak of him, and fill our eyes with tears.

Lay them away! No more will baby feet
Run to the gate with patt'ring music sweet.
Upon the shores of brighter, endless day
He stands. He smiles and waves his hand,
And after we have quit life's weary way
We'll greet our baby in that better land.
And so we'll keep these shoes through all the years
That they may banish all our doubts and fears.

OFF TO SCHOOL

We haven't any "little girl"—
With eyes alight with glee,
And hair in many a dancing curl,
Her happy heart care free,
She started off to school today
And mama's heart is sore;
"Our baby's gone," I heard her say;
"Our little girl no more."

We lost our little girl today.
With eager, hurrying feet
She sped with laughter light and gay
Along the busy street.
And watching her a mother's eyes
Grew moist with unshed tears
As backward now her mem'ry flies
Through quickly vanished years.

We lost our little girl today.
With lightly tripping feet
She hurries on her schoolward way
Far down the city street.
But though the years speed swiftly by
Into eternity,
She'll be, however fast they fly,
"My little girl" to me.

HELLO, POP!

His photograph! Our joy and pride—
The picture of our boy who died!

I seem to hear, 'midst tears that drop
Upon its face, his loving call
Come ringing down the darkened hall
To give me greeting: "Hello, Pop!"

It seems but yesterday he died—
But yesterday we stood beside
His bed and watched his eyelids drop
To sleep and wake in endless day—
But yesterday I heard him say
With dying accents: "Goodbye, Pop!"

Last night I dreamed he stood again
With face pressed to the windowpane
And watched to see my motor stop;
That when he heard me at the door
He quickly toddled 'cross the floor
And met me, shouting: "Hello, Pop!"

Sometimes, when daylight fades to gloom
And ghostly shadows fill the room
I feel again the swelling joy;
For, from the shadows around about,
I hear once more his joyful shout
In boyish tones: "I'm papa's boy!"

When, after death's cold, chilly hands
Have loosed the last of earthly bands
And caused life's weary load to drop.
I'll feel it is supremest joy
To meet, at heaven's gate, my boy,
And hear his welcome: "Hello, Pop!"

A SHOCK

The Biggest Boy, who flew the nest
A few short years ago,
And settled in the sundown west,
Now writes me: "Dad, you know
I've met Her! She's the girl for me—
We want your blessing, Dad.
June 10 the wedding is to be,
And gee, dear Dad, I'm glad."

The Biggest Boy to wed? Dear me,
It seems but yesterday
I saw him run in childish glee
To boyhood's laughing play;
But yesterday in roundabouts,
Barefooted, tousled-head,
Around the house with noisy shouts—
Now in a month he'll wed!

Last night I saw the shadows creep
And heard the youngster say
His "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
When tired with childish play.
Last night it seems—'twas years ago.
Ah, me, how time has sped!
The lad now writes to let me know
That in a month he'll wed!

All right, my boy. One wish for you:
May she you've chosen be
As staunch and helpful, good and true,
As my wife's been to me.
And if my wish comes true, my boy,
You're blest beyond compare.
Your days will all be days of joy,
Your skies be always fair.

The Biggest Boy to wed! All right;
But that recalls to mind,
As here I sit this summer night,
The long years now behind.
I wish you happiness, my boy;
I'm glad because you're glad.
And wishing you life's greatest joy,
I'm lovingly, YOUR DAD.

AT EVENTIDE

Eeney, meeney, miney, mo—
Into bed the babies go!
A little dress in the corner there,
A pair of trousers behind the door;
The frayed-out stockings upon the chair,
And well-worn sandals upon the floor.
All the day long have the little feet
Pattered around in their childish play;
Voices that rang with a laughter sweet,
Stilled and hushed at the close of day.
Then the sandman comes—creep, creep, creep—
And the tired babies are soon asleep.

Onery, orry, ickery, Ann—
Into bed for the old sandman!
A sticky print on the windowpane,
A muddy track on the hallroom floor;
Four little feet walking By-lo Lane,
And stillness is ushered in once more.
All the day long and the cottage rings
With elfin sounds of their childish glee;
Then the night time comes and with it brings
Quiet and lonesomeness for me.
For the sandman's come—creep, creep, creep—
And I'm alone in the silence deep.

Fillison, follison, Nicholas, John—
Bless the babes my eyes rest on!
A happy pair in the little bed,
Dreaming the dreams that the angels send;
Snuggled so warm 'neath the covers spread,
Tired but happy at the long day's end.
All forgot are the bumps and the falls,
And all forgot are the pains and aches;
Memory fails when the sandman calls—
Never returns when the sun-god wakes.
And I rest content till the morning glad
Brings welcome shouts of "Dood mornin', dad!"

LOUIS AND RUTH

I've got a brand-new daughter now,
And proud I am of her;
Although it rather seems, somehow,
As if she really were
A sign that I am growing old,
That many years have sped;
That oft the bells dead years have tolled—
The "Biggest Boy" has wed.

It seems that only yesterday
I wound his wounded toe
With yarn in the old-fashioned way—
'Twas really years ago!
It seems but just a day or two
Since off to school he ran;
But "Biggest Boy" now looms to view
As a new married man.

Gee whiz! How Tempus fugits by—
I've got a daughter-in-law!

It seems so short a time since I
Was playing "Boston taw;"
So brief a time since, free and glad,
I'd gaily romp and run—
And now to think that I'm the Dad
Of a big married son!

Well, I admit my shadow turns
And points the eastward way;
That memory's incense sweetly burns
To many a yesterday.
But, praise the Lord, although the gray
In my hair has a start,
I can with truth stand up and say
I'm keeping young of heart.

So, daughter, you've a welcome here
Like blooming flowers of May;
To us you'll be both near and dear
Forever and a day.
But I'll admit it seems quite queer,
When all is done and said,
That I've a brand-new daughter here
'Cause "Biggest Boy" is wed.

ABSENCE

How big a little house can be
When all have gone away
And left no one at home but me;
How dreary, grim and gray
The shadows are at eventide,
When lone and tired I come
And have no one to sit beside
Me when at last I'm home.

The hall seems leagues of distance wide,
Each room a vast estate;
Dark forms in dusky corners hide
And terrors lie in wait.
Deep silence reigns, and over all
The lonesome shadows creep;
I list to hear a soft footfall
From out the silence deep.

No welcome laugh, no smiling face,
No eager, running feet
To meet me as I near the place;
No kiss from lips so sweet.
A barren isle in widespread sea;
A rock in desert wide;
No hands that beckon unto me
Near home at eventide.

And yet, ere morning sun awakes
I feel a presence sweet;
Dream faces dreary fancy breaks
And bring a joy complete.
I feel the touch of little hands,
See smiles of childish glee;
And as from far-off Fairyland
My children come to me.

O'er low-flung hills and valleys wide,
Far from the city's strife,
Midst country scenes where joys abide
Are children dear and wife.
So what care I if dark and drear
The cottage seems to be,
If brown and strong my kiddies dear
Soon hasten home to me!

TO LITTLE BILL

[Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray G. Stewart, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., on March 13, 1911, a son. A card announces that "Bill" arrived and weighed in at ten pounds.]

Why, Hello, Bill! God bless your safe arriving.

You're welcome as the flowers are in May.

We've waited quite a spell, the while contriving

To wait in patience for your natal day.

And now you're here may every choicest treasure

Old nature has in stock be yours until

You've lived to round out man's allotted measure

And Peter greets you with a "Hello, Bill!"

Hello, again! God bless you and your mother.

My, how we'd like to take you by the hand

And tell you that there isn't such another

As you in all this blooming country grand.

And may you live to reach life's highest honor,

A joy and comfort through both good and ill;

And for the little mother, heap upon her

The sweetest crown of motherhood, dear Bill.

Yes, Hello, Bill! Your welcome's more than double.

You're just a little late, but now you're here

We've quite forgot a lot of things that trouble

And greet you with the warmest of good cheer.

May all your days be days of June, and sunny;

Your sorrows quite as light as ocean foam;

And may you never lack for friends or money,

Or for the perfect joys of home, sweet home.

Yes, Hello, Bill! We're mighty glad you landed

Just when and where you did, you lucky tyke.

You've got a mother sweet, dad openhanded—

In fact, a pair of parents that you'll like.
And may their fondest dreams have sweet fulfilling;
May you their lives with richest comfort fill.
May you buck up to life and "make a killing"—
Here's hoping that you get there.

UNCLE BILL.

Lincoln, Nebr., March 15, 1911.

HIS FATE

Little Willie Wait-a-Bit
Intended well to mind,
But, somehow, always managed it
To be a bit behind.
"In a minute," he would say
When time came to cease his play.

Little Willie Wait-a-Bit
Grew to be a man;
But he loved to sit and sit
Scheming out some plan.
"In a minute," he would say,
"I will get to work straightway."

Mr. William Wait-a-Bit
Neared St. Peter's Gate,
But, alas, he managed it
So that he was late.
"Wait a minute!" shouted he;
But St. Peter turned the key.

William Wait-a-Bit was sent
To the nether clime,
Where without his own intent
He arrived on time.
Now he mourns his torrid fate,
For his master will not wait.

YOUNG AMERICA

We were up at early morning, and the echoes quickly
woke,
And the atmosphere was murky with the clouds of
powder smoke.
We whooped it up for Washington, and Israel Putnam,
too,
But we whooped it up the loudest for old Yankee-
Doodle-do.
Every blister was a token of our love of liberty,
And we fired salutes in plenty to the banner of the free.
'Twas a grand old celebration, full of noise and smoke
galore,
And considered something bully by a lad aged 4.

He shot off the biggest crackers, and for him the rockets
flew,
And for liberty he shouted, and for Yankee-Doodle, too.
And he killed a million foemen, more or less—I think
'twas more—
With a gun that shot from Q street to the furthest foe-
man's shore.
When he lit the cannon crackers with a glowing bit of
punk
Ev'ry enemy of Freedom thought it wise to quickly
flunk.
Yes, he waved the starry banner till the great day was
no more,
Did this patriot so sturdy who is aged just 4.

We were up at early morning and the lad was in com-
mand,
And we whooped for dear Old Glory in a way to beat
the band.
Every blister on our fingers was a sign of victory,

While the stains of burning powder filled our souls
with ecstasy.

He was acting major gen'ral, I the private in the ranks,
And I know he is deserving of the nation's grateful
thanks.

He's a royal, true-blue soldier, patriotic to the core,
Is this sturdy little fellow who is aged just 4.

LOOKING BACKWARD

The crackers don't sound as loud as of yore,
And rockets don't fly so high;
Somehow the candles don't sizz-z-z and roar
As they did in a past July.

And candy and cake, and the jams and jell
Don't taste as they tasted then—

Ah, me; 'tis the tale that the long years tell
To the grayhaired boys grown men.

There's never a day that we celebrate
That makes the blood run fast

Like it did 'way back on a distant date,
On a Fourth that has long since passed.

The singers can't sing and the bands can't play
As loud and as sweet as then;

Nor the sky so blue or the crowds so gay
Since we are the grayhaired men.

Ah, wouldn't you give of silver and gold
If you could up and away

On the backward road till your eyes behold
The Fourth of a yesterday.

And wouldn't the crackers send forth a roar;
And wouldn't the rockets fly?

What wouldn't you give if a boy once more
On an old-time Fourth of July?

LET 'EM RIDE

When you see a little fellow with a sled of red and yellow,

And his cheeks with winter roses all aglow;
Don't whip up and shriek with laughter when he vainly follows after,

But pull up and let your horses saunter slow.
Let him have his chance to "hook on" while you smile and gladly look on,

Then "gid'ap!" and trot off with the extra load.
You will never know what joy is till you know some happy boy is
"Hooked behind" and gaily sliding down the road.

I have known some selfish creatures who wore scowls upon their features

And who always have green hate upon the mind,
Who would take an endless measure of a most peculiar pleasure—

They would grin at ev'ry chance to "whip behind."
When the lash with cruel hissing curls behind, and seldom missing,

Gives the boy a cruel hurt and breaks his hold,
Old Nick grins and says, "I've cinched him! That's a sign my imps have pinched him;
There's a driver I'll protect from future cold."

Bless the man who smiles while looking at the happy boy who's hooking

On behind and gaily riding on his sled.
May that man find each day sunny, may he have good health and money,

May life's choicest blessings rest upon his head.
If by providence empowered I would have rich blessings showered

Every day upon the man so good and kind
That he always says, "All right, son; hook behind and
hold on tight, son!"

He's all right—the man who never whips behind.

VACATION TIME

Grim silence reigns—through all the rooms and halls

No echoes ring, no eager, laughing cries.

I miss the sound of loving, childish calls

When daylight into sombre twilight dies.

No little feet come dancing down the walk;

No laughing eyes look brightly up to me.

I yearn in vain for childish, prattling talk—

And I am lonely now as I can be.

The ghosts walk out, and at the midnight hour

I dimly see amidst the misty gloom

Four childish faces, each one like a flower,

That smile at me across the silent room.

I smile at them, and from my easy bed

I wave my blessing; and they fade away;

Their loving smiles, like blessings o'er me spread,

Remain until the rosy dawn of day.

The cottage home is lonesome now, and still;

But far away, adown the country lane

And by the banks of sunny, rippling rill,

I know four happy tots new health will gain.

I sit at eventide and wait the time to sleep,

And know full well the midnight hour will see

Four misty forms that from the gloom will creep

And smile their loving blessings over me.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

The Little Boy is sad and lone
And not inclined to play.
He talks in soft and tender tone
To toys he's laid away.
For he has faced the question old
Whose answer none can tell—
And as he waits, clear, soft and cold
He hears the tolling bell.

He misses from the usual place
The form he loved so true;
He fails to see one smiling face,
He hears no "Howdy-do!"
In vain he turns to Brer B'ar,
And Brer Rabbit's dumb;
Brer Fox says naught when he asks, "Why
Don't Uncle Remus come?"

The Little Boy is sad today
And mourns his playmate dead.
He does not care to laugh and play
With toys around him spread.
Across the hills the cortege sweeps,
The band plays soft and low;
And Little Boy in silence weeps—
He loved his playmate so.

The animals that told queer tales
With Uncle Remus' tongue
Are dumb forever, Little Boy—
Your heart with grief is wrung.
You ask in vain the whence and why,
But we who've older grown
Can but confess we've no reply,
And you must grieve alone.

But, Little Boy, in God's own time
Your playmate you will see;
In some fair land, in some fair clime,
Where many mansions be.
Then, Little Boy, you'll clasp his hands,
And walk the sunlit way
With Uncle Remus—comrades two—
Forever and a day.

NEVER AGAIN

I wish the crackers would sound as loud
As they did in the days gone by.
I wish the candy would taste as sweet
As it did in a past July.
I wish the chums of the days of yore
Would gather about in the grove once more,
And take their part in the great day's roar,
Under the July sky.
I wish the skies were as clear and blue
As they were in the days of old.
I wish the sunlight would gleam again
With the shimmer of burnished gold.
I wish the boys of that yesterday
From over the hills and far away
Would come again with light hearts gay,
Under the old flag's fold.
I wish their laughter would ring again
As it did in the years long fled.
I wish that youth could hover once more
O'er the curls of each care-free head.
I know such wishes can never be,
But we can gather again, care free,
For one more day, just you and me—
Boys, though we're grown up men.

PAY DAY

I have had a lot of pleasure in this good old world of
ours;

And the path I'm daily treading blooms with never
fading flowers.

Happy laughter of my children greets my ears with music
sweet

When they see me homeward coming down the city's
busy street.

But a day of days I cherish as the long week saunters by,
Looking forward, gay and happy, with the lovelight in
my eye,

And when this great day is finished how my heart with
rapture hums

When I face the cashier's window and the

Pay

Check

Comes.

Here's a pair of shoes for baby, and a dress for Dorothy;
Here's a coat for laughing Rena that will make her
dance to see.

Here's the fuel that will warm them when the blasts of
winter shriek;

Here's a bunch of joy and comfort that will last another
week.

And my heart is light and happy as I toil day after day,
While the smiles of happy children shed a bright light
on my way.

And my weary steps grow lighter, and my heart with
rapture drums

When I face the cashier's window and the

Pay

Check

Comes.

Just a tinted bit of paper, but it holds a wealth of joy—
Home and comfort without measure, happiness without
alloy.

Hour by hour I toil with pleasure for I know the mo-
ments count.

Beat by beat, each stroke is adding to my honest week's
account.

Every moment adds a pleasure to the loved ones in the
nest,

While the thought nerves me to labor with a never failing
zest.

'Tis for wife and babes—God bless 'em—and my heart
with rapture hums

When I face the cashier's window and the

Pay

Check

Comes.

TWO WEEKS AFTER

The drum is now busted,

The wagon wheels bent,

The trumpet is noiseless

From many a dent.

The woolly sheep bleats

When you squeeze it no more,

The fragments of toys

Now litter the floor.

But what of it all?

Clear the littered up stuff—

The children enjoyed them

And that is enough.

THE OPEN SEASON

April now, and I must take
Rod and reel and hunt a lake;
Tramp the shore light-hearted, glad;
Cast out 'neath some lilypad.
Fill my lungs with clean ozone,
Lift my voice in lusty tone;
Watch the white clouds sailing high
'Cross the blue of April's sky.

April now, my desk is clean;
Trees and grass are showing green;
Tang of springtime in the air—
Goodbye, now, old office chair!
Off I lay life's weary load
And go tramping down the road—
Down the road between the trees,
Drinking deep the April breeze.

April now, and field and stream
Bathed in April's golden gleam
Bid me up and haste away
Where the sunbeams dance and play.
Out from dusty, dreary mart,
Close to Mother Nature's heart.
Out where springtime wakes anew
'Neath the April sky of blue.

April now, and songbirds wake
Echoes from each bough and brake.
Green the grass beneath my feet,
Flowers spread their odors sweet;
Out across the field and fen,
Onward through the woodland glen,
Where the long, black furrows lie
'Neath the sheen of April's sky.

THE PESSIMIST

The cold and biting wind gives me a feeling
That I must ready be to pay the toll
Which is imposed upon me when I'm dealing
With those who hold me up for winter coal.
The dead leaves lie upon my lawn, and shaking
From off the trees in whirling clouds alight;
And I must up at morn and set to raking
To have a bonfire for the kids at night.

I sit me down to read the evening paper,
And all I see upon the printed page
Is some divorce news, tariff dope or football caper,
Or else the words of big pugs in a rage.
I dig up two plunks at the theatre,
And hope to see a drama worth my while;
But find, alas, the play's by a creator
Who thinks it best to picture all that's vile.

I think sometimes I'll go out for a season
And talk with neighbors on some topics live;
But find quite soon that he won't list to reason,
But wants to play at "cinch" or else "high five."
At noon I drop my work the briefest minute
And hasten out to get a frugal lunch;
Then all I hear is "Jeffries isn't in it!"
Or "Jim'll put him out with just one punch!"

At eve I hasten homeward worn and weary,
As hungry as a bear and rather late.
I'm stopped by some wardworker, red and bleary,
Who tells me all about his candidate.
O, would that I with Cook or Peary's legions
Had made a dash towards the frozen pole,
And there, amidst those chilly polar regions,
Found solitude to rest my weary soul.

FANCIES

I used to sit in the firelight's glow,
As flickering flames danced to and fro,
And see great scenes in the embers bright—
Smiling Dryads and fairies light;
Towering castles and faces fair;
Knights who answered the bugle's blare;
Verdant valleys and far-flung hills—
In the redhot coals that the fire-place fills.

Alas, alack!
No longer so;
All things look black
When fire burns low.
Never a valley
And no more hills—
Merely a glimpse
Of more coal bills.

Where once I viewed in the dancing flames
Courtiers gay and bepowdered dames.
Armored knights with the lance athrust—
I see naught now but the grim coal trust,
Every flame that the chimney fills
Whispers to me of the dollar bills:
Mocks my face till I'm filled with rage
At thoughts of long spent summer wage.

Alas, O my!
No po-et-ree,
Just sob and sigh
In flames for me.
Never a Dryad,
To give me thrills—
Merely a hint
Of more coal bills.

THE REASON

I often get a piece of pie,
Or bread, or even cake,
That's equal to the very best
That mother used to bake.
And mother was a famous cook
Known all the country through
For putting up the best of meals
That hungry children knew.

I used to think that modern cooks
Had lost the noble art,
But after long reflection I
Espouse their cause and part.
So when some grouchy man complains
And calls their art in question,
I know just what the matter is—
It's simply indigestion.

GRIEF IN BOYVILLE

[James A. Bailey, the famous circus man, died at his home in Mount Vernon, N. Y., on April 11.]

What boots it now if empires fall
And kingdoms all decay?
What matters now if famine's pall
Leaves sorrow in its way?
For greater griefs than these can bring
O'er boyhood now is spread,
For James A. Bailey, circus king,
Lies silent, cold and dead.

Let kings their gambling games pursue
With human lives for stakes;
Let war's alarms ring through the blue
Until the whole world quakes.
'Tis not of these the small boy reads
With bowed and sorry head;
He notes with heart that sorely bleeds
That James A. Bailey's dead.

Let drums be heard with muffled beat,
Let dirges fill the air;
Let funeral trappings fill the street,
Flags half-mast everywhere,
The streets of Boyville reek with woe
As forth with sorry tread
The little folk in silence go—
For James A. Bailey's dead.

No king in panoplied array
With armies at his call
Could cause a greater woe today
If he down dead should fall.
A moment would the old world pause,
Then would he be forgot.
But Bailey's name will win applause
While there's a circus lot.

The streets of Boyville reek with woe,
And mournful trappings fly;
In silence down the street boys go
While tears bedim each eye.
No king who ruled in pompous power
With gold crown on his head
Was ever mourned a single hour
Like James A. Bailey, dead.

THE LIGHTS O' HOME

When the shades of evening gather, and the disappearing sun
Marks the close of day's endeavor, and the weary tasks
are done;
When the stars begin to twinkle in the arch of heaven's
dome,
I am longing for the welcome of the shining lights o'
home.

Through the little cottage window with a radiance
divine,
And a welcome in their gleaming, I can see the bright
beams shine.
Far adown the street they greet me, and they beckon
me to haste
To the home where love awaits me, where love's hand
the light has placed.

O, the lights o' home! Their gleaming, shining down the
street afar,
Bids me hasten to the greeting waiting where my loved
ones are;
And the toil of day forgotten in the welcomes that will
greet
Makes the homeward journey easy for my tired, halting
feet.

Childish feet make merry music as they patter o'er the
floor;
Happy voices wake the echoes as my children ope the
door;
And their ringing, happy laughter bids the cares of day
depart,
While the joy of life and living takes possession of the
heart.

Lights o' home! Their mellow gleaming marks the way
from care and strife;
Brighten ev'ry nook and corner, give a zest of love and
life;
And each ev'ning, with my loved ones, hand in hand we
gaily roam
Through the fairy lands outlying, bathed in gleaming
lights o' home.

STATISTICAL

One, two, three, four, five—
Mighty glad that I'm alive.
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten—
July Fourth has gone again,
And my fingers are all here
Ready for another year.
One, two—to my surprise,
I have still a pair of eyes.
And I'm happy to declare
I've my usual stock of hair.
True, I've blisters by the score
But the wonder is that more
Do not on my form appear—
I'll do better, come next year.
One, two—yes, both ears on,
Thought once one of them was gone.
True, one's frazzled pretty bad,
But it's on, and I am glad.
All my teeth and all my toes
Still here, but I ruined my clothes.
But it was a glorious day.
Spent in quite the same old way.

“HELLO, NEIGHBOR!”

When you weary of the journey as around the world you
roam,

When you near the place you love best—catch a glimpse
of home, sweet home—

You forget the joys of travel in the joy so full and free
That you feel in once more standing 'neath your own
loved home roof-tree.

And your heart is full to bursting with the thankfulness
you feel

As before the Throne of Mercy in your quiet home you
kneel.

Then you know that life no pleasure has for you a single
lack

When your friends come 'round you saying:

“Hello, neighbor; glad you're back!”

When you look in friendly faces, feel the grasp of hands
of friends;

When all thoughts of creed and party into honest friend-
ship blends;

When you see around about you those who know you day
by day

And can hear their cheery greeting as you pass along
the way—

Then you know that life's worth living and that sweet-
est pleasure ends

When your ears can hear no longer hearty greeting
from your friends.

And your heart is full to bursting, and the tears un-
bidden come

As you hear their kindly greeting:

“Hello, neighbor; welcome home!”

When at last the final summons sounding from the other
shore
Tell that earthly toil is over and for me time is no more;
When across the old home threshold for the last time I
shall go
And the dirges sound above me in their measures soft and
low;
When my eyes have closed forever on the earthly forms
of friends,
And life's journey with its trials and its joy and pleasure
ends,
May I wake to hear the music ringing 'round the heav-
enly dome
As old friends shall meet me saying:
 "Hello, neighbor; welcome home!"

THE OLD SONGS

Sweet songs of old! How memory brings
Their music back to me
Until each bell of heaven rings
Salvation full and free!
"Joy to the world," the music sweet
Has filled a million souls,
And marked the time for marching feet
To where old Jordan rolls.
"I need Thee ev'ry hour," for I
Oft weary by the way;
And "while the years are rolling by"
Thou art my guide and stay.
"Abide with me" through calm and stress,
Protect me by Thy might;
My weak and falt'ring footsteps bless
With Thine own "Kindly Light."

The dear old songs! Their echoes fill

The quiet evening air;

They bid me bear life's load until

"There'll be no sorrow there."

"By cool Siloam's shady rill"

Whose waters floweth free,

Lead me each day and night until

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

And when "on Jordan's stormy banks"

My feet shall stand at last;

When I shall see the ransomed ranks

From whom all care is cast,

"O there may I, though vile as he"

Christ did that day behold,

The city's walls of jasper see

And walk its streets of gold.

WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use of running when there's time enough
to walk?

It is hurry that brings silver to your hair.

What's the use of sighing when there's time for cheerful
talk?

It is worry that brings on the lines of care.

What's the use of weeping over milk that has been
spilled?

Other cows are feeding in the pasture lot.

What's the use of groaning when the world with joy is
filled?

You are better off with many things forgot.

What's the use of grumbling as you tote your heavy
load?

Loud complaining never made a burden light.
What's the use of growling at the roughness of the road?
It brings on no better rest when cometh night.
What's the use of mourning o'er mistakes of other days?
Time so spent is but another big mistake.
What's the use of shutting out life's beauties from your
gaze?

Look, and get the joy of flowers in your wake.

What's the use of striving for the things not worth your
while?

Sodom's apples turn to ashes on your lips.
What's the use of frowning when you have a chance
to smile?

Joy is always within reach of fingertips.
What's the use bewailing that you have no chance to
shine?

There are duties lying 'round on ev'ry hand.
And the man who does his duty near approaches the
divine,

In good time the world will see—and understand.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

Down the long, broad road as it leads away
To the pleasant scenes of a yesterday—
To the orchard wide where the laden trees
Swing to and fro in the balmy breeze;
By the old well-sweep with its creaking pole
And the big white rock by the swimming hole—
Ah, the scent that comes from the new mown hay
Whose long drifts lay
Where the sunbeams play
On the long, wide road to yesterday!

The milestones stand with their tinge of gray
As the mind harks back to a yesterday.
And the road grows smooth as the eyes behold
The long lost scenes of the days of old—
Faces bright of the old school crowd
Long since wrapped in the sheet and shroud;
Welcome shouts from the chums so gay
 Who romp and play
 In the old-time way
By the long, wide road to yesterday!

The evening lamp through the window shines,
And we see once more the stumbling lines
Of the old textbooks, and each puzzling rule
That caused us grief in the hours of school.
And a sweet old face 'gainst the windowpane
Looks down the reach of the shady lane;
And the welcome gleams in her bright eyes play
 As on we stray
 Through the evening gray
Down the old, old road to yesterday!

Down the long, wide road as it leads away
To the old-time scenes of that yesterday
When the heart was light as the thistle's down,
And we little knew of the hard world's frown;
Where the friends we knew were the girls and boys
To divide our woes and to share our joys—
Where life was sweet and the hours were gay
 With love and play
 In our childhood way
At the end of the road to yesterday!

THE ONE WHO WAS NOT THERE

Around the full Thanksgiving feast
We gathered yesterday.
From north and south, from west and east,
Once more we found our way.
Though hearts were full of joy and cheer
We saw one vacant chair;
And we recalled through smile and tear
The one who was not there.

We bowed our heads in heartfelt thanks
For life and home and love;
Though God had broken family ranks
And called one home above.
We sat around the family board
And breathed a silent prayer
That in God's time would be restored
The one who was not there.

We decked with flowers the old-time place—
With roses red and white—
They called to mind her dear old face
And eyes with love alight.
Their incense filled the little hall
With perfume rich and rare;
And every rose served to recall
The one who was not there.

We stood at mention of her name,
And every head was bowed;
Into our eyes the teardrops came,
And fast did memories crowd.
A shrine of love we built that day
About that vacant chair;
And each did loving homage pay
To one who was not there.

OL' MAN ARMSTEAD'S VIOLIN

It ain't no use t' talk t' me
'Bout Paderewsky an' his class,
F'r when it comes t' classic art
I got t' let it by me pass.
My ears wa'nt trained f'r them fugees
That make up such an awful din;
But I kin listen by th' hour
T' Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

Once't on a time I went t' hear
Tt' famous Thomas orkestray.
Th' players only sawed an' blowed,
But nary tune I heard 'em play.
Good music? Well, perhaps it wuz
T' them that like them screechy things;
But give me music as it comes
From Ol' Man Armstead's fiddle strings.

Sonatys an' great symphonees
May suit th' eddicated taste;
But on such yowling as that is
I haven't got no time t' waste.
The music that I love th' best
Is them ol' tunes that's locked within
Th' strings stretched tight across th' bridge
Of Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

An' when my life o' toil is done
An' I am summoned up on high,
I want some music soft an' sweet
T' bear me upward t' th' sky.
I want, when Peter swings th' gate
T' let this weary toiler in,
T' be a keepin' joyful step
T' Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

AT THE BALL GAME

With Dorothy, on pleasure bent,

I to the ball game took my way;
My mind upon the game intent—

And Dorothy, so blithe and gay.
Up in the grandstand, side by side,
With score card ready for the game,
We watched the players leap and glide,
And learned to call each one by name.

“Play ball!” the umpire shrieked. And then
I strove to teach the lass each play.

“Now that’s a ‘strike,’ ” I said, “and when
He strikes three times—for him ‘good day.’ ”

“O, yes,” the dainty lass replied,
While glancing ’round from where she sat,
“He strikes three times. O, Will,” she cried,
“Just look at that girl’s frightful hat!”

“And that’s a ‘ball,’ ” I next explained,

“And four will give the man a base.”
She thanked me for the knowledge gained,
A witching smile upon her face.

“But pray,” she asked, “what will he do
With that big sack you say is first?”

I don’t see what—O, Will, did you
See that girl’s dress? It’s sure the worst!”

“ ’Rah, that’s a ‘hit!’ ” I shrieked with glee.

“Now beat it out! Yah, that’s the stuff!”

“O, how,” asked Dorothy of me,

“Can you use language that’s so rough?”

“Why, ’twas a ‘hit;’ a beauty, too,”

I said with something of restraint.

“Quite so,” she said. “O, look, Will; do!
How can a woman use such paint?”

"Slide! Slide! you dub!" I yelled with rage.

"O, rats; you run just like a hearse.
Of course you're out—back to your cage!"

That much aloud—aside, much worse.
"Why, he's not out; I see him still,"

Quoth Dorothy in great surprise.
"He's only—goodness gracious, Will;
That loud-dressed woman squints her eyes!"

"We've got their pitcher in a hole!"

I yelled, and loudly stamped my feet.
"Why, Will; he's standing on that knoll,"
Said Dorothy in accents sweet.

"I mean," said I in sheer despair,
"W've got him o'er a barrel, dear."

"A barrel? I—O, Will; her hair
Is blondined sure; it shows from here!"

Back from the game we took our way,
And Dorothy was full of glee.

"O, I could watch them every day,"
She said, and coyly glanced at me.

"The game was great—won 3 to 2,"
Said I, " 'Twas won by bully ball."

"O, yes; but, Will, why do they do
Such yelling, dear?" And that was all.

TO "HER"

Through all life's ever-changing ways
Thou are the same, O, Heart o' Mine!
Come good, come ill, the passing days
Are bright from thee, my Valentine.

MOTHER'S WORK

Mother hasn't much to do
To keep from growing lonely;
Simply lives the long day through
At little duties only.
Gets the breakfast just for eight,
While for sleep she wishes;
Two for school must not be late—
Then she does the dishes.

Then she sweeps the sitting room,
Dining room and stairway;
Wields a dustrag and a broom
Till things shine in fair way,
Then she has to dress the three.
Small kids who've been sleeping—
"Dick" and Charlotte, Marjorie—
Then more dusting, sweeping.

Then she combs three tousled heads
And washes three bright faces;
Makes a half dozen beds;
Puts things in their places.
Then the lunch for those from school;
Then the chores forgotten;
Then her needle and a spool
Of stout darning cotton.

Dinner dishes washed and dried,
Then the porches mopping;
Several patches well applied,
Then a bit of shopping.
Hungry eight to feed at night—
That's the regular number—
Coffee, sausage, biscuits light—
Then the "kids" to slumber.

Then, the supper dishes done,
Her easy day is ended,
Save she sees that one by one
All clothes are mended.
Sews the missing buttons back,
Mends the little dresses;
Wipes out every muddy track
That her sight distresses.

Gets the kitchen all "O. K."
For the early morning;
Winds the clock so it will say
Loud its early warning.
Then, if nothing else to do,
Upstairs she'll go creeping
Just to waste an hour or two
In not needed sleeping.

Mother hasn't much to do—
That's how people view it—
Little work the whole day through,
Eighteen hours to do it.
But pa—he has to work like sin
In his important station;
Eight hours—then he is all in,
And tired as creation!

THE OLD SONGS

When day is done, and o'er the world the gentle twilight
drops;
When rush and roar have died away and busy traffic
stops;
When spicy breezes borne by June from Araby the blest;

When "not a wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful breast"—

I love to sit at ease and hear some sweet-voiced singer sing

The good old Zion songs of yore, which fondest memories bring.

"Since I can read my title clear"—the tears come to my eye,

But through the mists I seem to see those mansions in the sky.

When evening shadows cool and deep have fallen o'er the world,

I have forgot the cares of day when "fiery darts were hurled."

And sitting in my old arm chair beneath the rustling trees

It seems that I am borne away on "flowery beds of ease."
A clear voice sings the good old songs, and in my thoughts
I stand

"On Jordan's stormy banks," and gaze on far-off "Beulah Land."

Fond memories of other days the old songs bring to me,
When "Now I lay me down to sleep" I lisped at mother's knee.

When purpling shadows limn the west with gold and silver sheen,

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood stand dressed in living green."

The echoing music of the songs rings out upon the air
The happy promise writ of old, "There'll be no sorrow there."

All troubles flee as flee the days, and with a restful sigh
I gaze "O'er Canaan's happy land where my possessions lie."

Old days, old friends, come trooping back from out the
shadowy past
As o'er my soul those dear old songs their web of
memory cast.

Those good old songs, those dear old songs! When I
am called to go
I want to hear their melodies in measures soft and low:
"Just as I am without one plea," I'll lay me down to
sleep,
For "Jesus, lover of my soul," will still His watch care
keep.
And when I wake to endless day on yonder shining
shore,
I want to hear those grand old songs of Zion evermore.
Those grand old songs our mothers sang! O, sing them
o'er to me,
Until in that "Sweet Bye and Bye" the jasper walls I
see.

A WAIL FROM A WORKINGMAN

I have vainly searched the papers and the household
magazines
For a recipe for dinner that will come within my means;
For a dinner, good, substantial, that will put fat on my
frame
And not cause financial panic in the purchase of the
same.
But to date I'm unsuccessful, for the menus that I see
Are too delicate and dainty for a workingman like me.
Magazines there are a plenty for the rich who dine in
state,
But I'm looking for a dinner that a dollar buys for eight.

If I had a million dollars it would be an easy thing
To support six hungry children who are always on the
wing,
But I'm making modest wages and I'm paying lots of
rent,
And I've got to cut the corners and make good with ev'ry
cent.
So it makes me mad to read 'em—menus in the maga-
zines,
With their croquettes and their sauces—let 'em talk of
pork and beans!
“Dainty luncheons for three dollars!” I can't live at
such a rate—
I am looking for a dinner than a dollar buys for eight.
“Consomme and then some olives, then some mushrooms
served on toast;
Chicken fried, pimenta salad, Saratoga chips and roast;
Then some crackers and some coffee and a dainty bit of
cheese—
This,” my magazine informs me, “is a luncheon sure to
please.”
Bless your soul, that wouldn't start us on the road from
Hungryville,
For it takes substantial victuals and a lot of them to fill
Me and those depending on me, and I'm looking early,
late,
For a good substantial dinner that a dollar buys for eight.
If Carnegie wants to help us let him start some magazines
That will give some information to the men of meagre
means
On the subject of providing three square meals within the
pay
Of a man who's mighty lucky if he makes three plunks a
day,

And has got a growing family that depends on him alone
To keep wolves from howling near them in a dismal sort
of tone.

Let him start one that will tell us how to dine in family
state

On a good substantial dinner that a dollar buys for eight.

MY WANTS

I do not want a fortune great;
I do not seek the cares of state,
With all their glitter and their glare,
And wicked schemes afloat in air.
I do not yearn for power or place;
Nor would I take part in the race
For gold—I only ask that I
May sow good will while passing by;
And that when I am laid below
The cool, green sod, where daisies blow,
Some one will pause a bit, and then
Declare: "He helped his fellowmen."

I do not covet mansions grand,
Nor acres broad on every hand;
I do not yearn for jewels bright,
To dazzle my poor neighbor's sight;
I do not yearn to take command,
And order men on every hand—
I only ask that I may go
Along a road where flowers blow,
And dying, have men pause and say:
"He scattered sunshine all the way."

Let others dig and delve for gold;
Let others place of power hold;
Let others with a lordly air,
Stand forth within the limelight's glare;
Let others trade on hopes and fears,
And profit by the sobs and tears
Of those they wreck. I only ask
The strength to do each daily task,
Then homeward go with heart elate
And greet my loved ones at the gate;
Then, dying, have men pause a while
And say: "He gave the world a smile."

THANKSGIVING

I thank Thee, Lord, that through the year
Rich blessings have around me spread;
That though some days seemed dark and drear
The sun some gleams of splendor shed.
I thank Thee, Lord, for strength of arm
To toil for those within my care;
For Thy great love that saved from harm
And blessings gave in richest share.
For all Thy blessings on life's way
I thank Thee this Thanksgiving Day.
I thank Thee, Lord, as one by one
The days sped to eternity,
Each evening's low descending sun
Left loved ones here to welcome me.
I thank Thee, Lord, when day's work o'er
And footsteps turned to home and rest,
That childish welcomes at the door
Made ev'ry passing moment blest.
For all these joys I gladly pay
My tributes this Thanksgiving Day.

I thank Thee, Lord, that each day's dawn
Was ushered in with hope and cheer;
That each day's sun could shine upon
Life's path devoid of thorn or tear.

I thank Thee, Lord, for soft caress
Of childish fingers on my face;
For love that left, through storm and stress,
Around my board no vacant place.
For blessings spread about my way
I praise Thee this Thanksgiving Day.

I thank Thee, Lord, for all the friends
Whose cheery welcomes make life sweet;
For love that all my way attends,
And make my happiness complete.
I thank Thee, Lord, for hands stretched out
To clasp my own in friendship warm;
For hope that puts to flight each doubt
And haven gives in ev'ry storm.
For all Thy goodness on life's way
I praise Thee this Thanksgiving Day.

LIKE A BOY AGAIN

O, I am growing anxious, just as anxious as a kid,
To see the Christmas presents that I know are snugly hid
In closet or in bureau—anywhere my eyes won't see
Until they hang in splendor on the lighted Christmas tree.
I know my children bought them for they slyly nod and
smile,
And mamma—who's their partner—wears an air of utter
guile.
I know I should know better at my age, but Gee Whiz!
when
The Christmas season strikes me I am just a boy again.

I know it would be proper at my age if I'd decide
To court a quiet manner and be grave and dignified;
That 'twould be more in keeping with my age and hair
 of gray
If I would look important and put childish things away.
But what's the use of talking? When the kids begin to
 sneak
Around upon their tip-toes, and they scarcely dare to
 speak
Above a giggling whisper—something strike me biff!
 and then
I know it's nigh to Christmas and I'm just a boy again.
At close of day I hasten toward the light that shines for
 me;
I want to hear the music when my children laugh with
 glee;
I want to see them scatter as they haste to hide their
 things
That I'm not supposed to look at till old Santa kindly
 brings.
I want to be a sharer in the old-time Christmas joys
That have made the old world brighter to uncounted girls
 and boys.
And that's why I can't be stately or austere, like many
 men,
For I get chock full of Christmas and become a boy again.

MEMORY

There's a mem'ry comes stealing o'er my mind when
 shadows fall
 As the sun sinks slowly down the purple west,
And my little ones are nodding at the sandman's evening
 call

For the end of the play and hurry off to rest.
In that memory comes clearly, from the years long gone
before,
One sweet voice that makes the dead years backward
creep,
In a song my mother sang us in the vanished days of
yore
When she gently crooned her little ones to sleep.
“How firm a foundation!”—she had laid them deep and
strong
With a faith that never knew a doubt or fear.
“In every condition”—still she voiced her faith in song,
Saw her heavenly mansions with a vision clear.
In my memory I still hear her, rocking gently to and fro
As the twilight darkened in the western deep;
Singing that old song of Zion, with her eyes of faith
aglow,
As she gently crooned her little ones to sleep.
“Fear not, I am with you!”—and she smiled at every foe
That assailed her simple trust in Calvary.
“I’ll strengthen you, help you!”—she still sang it soft
and low
As she rocked her little ones upon her knee.
I can hear her sweet voice singing down the vista of the
years,
Voicing faith that led o’er vale and mountain steep,
And I sing to my own children in a voice oft choked
with tears
That same song she sang in crooning us to sleep.
“E’en down to old age!”—yet whatever might betide
Well she knew her feet would never go astray,
For the One in whom she trusted walked forever by her
side,
Shielded with her tender love both night and day.

And when the final summons bid her enter joys divine
Quick she answered with a faith I fain would keep;
For the hand that gently led her I would ever hold in
mine
Till I hear her sweet voice crooning me to sleep.

AN ANNIVERSARY

Hand clasped in hand down this life's winding pathways,
On through the flowers and frosts of the years;
Side by side, forward through sunshine and dark days,
Comrades we two in the joytime and tears.
Ever and on where the future shall lead us,
Facing with hope ev'ry day as it breaks;
Praying for strength when our loved ones shall need us,
Trusting in One whose love never forsakes.

Little hands clasping our own as we journey
Upward and onward o'er mountain and plain;
Giving us courage to enter life's tourney,
Fighting and striving again and again.
Children's glad voices that make music dearer,
Than ever was heard from the sweetest harp strings;
Baby smiles bringing the angel hosts nearer
Until we can hear the soft beat of their wings.

Bright lights agleam when the darkness is falling,
Pointing the pathway to home and its rest;
Childish eyes bright, and the sweet voices calling,
Calling me safe to the cottage home nest.
Heart o' my heart, as the years swiftly gliding
Add to our storehouse of roses or rue,
Still, with a love and a trust both abiding,
Journey we on with our hearts beating true.

THE TRUANT

I want to get out in the open,
Out with the birds and the trees;
Through cool, shady nooks, by babbling brooks,
Out in the spring's balmy breeze.
I want to play truant and wander
Away from my office and books;
'Neath blue of the sky and sun shining high,
Through thicket and flower-laden nooks.

I want to forget care and worry,
The heat of the world's busy fray;
Away from the mart and back to the heart
Of nature, if but for a day.
I want to just loll and lazy
With never a doubt nor a care;
A boy once again, o'er moorland and fen,
As free and as wild as the air.

I'm weary of straining and striving
Amidst all the money-mad throng;
Of sham and of show, of want and of woe,
Of all the grim cohorts of wrong.
I want to get out in the open,
Away from the grim market place;
A day of release, of joy and of peace,
Afar from the world's frenzied race.

I'm going—there's nothing can stop me!
I'm master of self for a day.
Each duty I'll shirk—tomorrow I'll work,
Today have I chosen to play.
In vain will they seek who are looking
For me at my daily employ;
I'm off for the day, I'm out and away,
As free as a barefooted boy.

WRITIN' RHYMES

I ain't claimin' no poet style,
But jus' keep writin', an' maybe I'll
Grind out somethin' after while
That'll bring t' quiverin' lips a smile—

An' I'm content if that helps some
To keep a-goin' when troubles come.
Sometimes what I write don't quite rhyme,
An' poetic feet don't keep good time;
An' as f'r grammar, well, maybe I'm
Kindo weak, an' th' errors climb,
But I don't keer; I do my best
An' keep on writin' with added zest.

Don't take no flights o' fancy high,
F'r soarin' ain't my mission. I
Jus' sit down t' my desk an' try
T' make smiles chase away th' sigh,

Write common stuff f'r common folks
Whose tired necks wear weary yokes.
Can't write no high toned poetry;
Jus' write o' th' common things I see—
O' chil'run climbin' upon my knee,
An' humble cots where th' home ties be—
Jus' haltin' rhymes o' th' common things,
An' grind em' out f'r th' joy it brings.

Jus' common stuff, that I'll admit,
But if th' writin' will help a bit
T' bid good cheer come in an' sit
Right down, I'm just a-thinkin' it
Won't be no waste of a feller's time,
An' that is th' very reason I'm
A goin' to keep on day by day
Writin' stuff in my poor, weak way;

An' if th' writin' will make smiles play
On one sad face, then all I'll say
Is, I'm content; f'r one who tries
Don't care f'r them that criticise.

Sing o' th' common things o' life;
Laughin' chil'run, o' home an' wife;
F'rgettin' awhile th' cares an' strife
With which this bustlin' world is rife.

Sing in a style that some may say
Is rough an' homely. But anyway
Th' style suits me, an' I'm satisfied
With jus' th' fact o' havin' tried
T' scatter a few smiles fur an' wide,
Or havin' a few o' life's tears dried.

AT FORTY

On the shady side of forty, but the sun is sailing high,
And the path is gently winding where the sweetest roses
lie.

On the shady side of forty, but amidst the golden glow
I am walking with my loved ones where the fairest
flowers grow.

Youth beside me still is trudging down the incense laden
way,

And I fear not coming shadows of an evening cold and
gray.

For with light and love and laughter, why should one be
full of gloom

On the shady side of forty, with the roses all in bloom?

On the shady side of forty, but yet scarcely past the noon;
And the birds are gaily singing each its merry woodland
tune.

On the shady side of forty, but my journey I pursue

Full of hope and cheer and pleasure with the old friends
tried and true.

Love is keeping step beside me, and the sky o'erhead is
clear,

And I take no thought of twilight and a night time dark
of dread

For while loved ones cling about me, why should I be
full of dread

On the shady side of forty, with a bright sky overhead?

On the shady side of forty, but my joys are all increased,
For I live again the hours when the sun was in the east.

On the shady side of forty, and I live again the joy
Of the mem'ries gay and happy of the days when but a
boy.

Visions sweet come trooping past me as I walk along
the way,

And I live a happy morning working till the close of day.
So with loved ones walking with me while the west is
all aglow,

I can pluck life's sweetest flowers in the garden where
they grow.

On the shady side of forty? Nay, tis on the sunny side,
For I see the sun in splendor down the sky-blue distance
glide;

While its golden tints are painting on the canvas of the
west

Pictures of a stately mansion where at last my soul shall
rest.

On the sunny side of forty! And the pathway leads along
Flowered banks, and rills that ripple in a never-ceasing
song;

And I walk with loved ones ever with a heart both light
and gay,

On the sunny side of forty in the brightest of the day.

FORTY-FOUR

Time goes on a little faster, though my steps are growing
slow,
But the sun still shines in splendor and still sets in
golden glow;
And old friends, old times, old mem'ries, grow still dearer
unto me
As I walk the sunset roadway leading to eternity.
Home scenes grow a little dearer with the close of each
long day,
Sweeter grows my children's laughter as I watch them
at their play,
And I take my ease at twilight, sitting by my cottage
door,
Thanking God that life is spared me and I'm young at
forty-four.

Sweeter grow the soft caresses as my children's fingers
twine
Through the silver threads that glisten in this graying
head of mine;
Softer, sweeter grows the music as Dame Nature sweeps
the strings
Of the wind harps in the forest till the earth with rapture
rings;
Softer grow the sunset colors as the sun sinks into rest
In a couch of fleece-clouds downy in the dim and distant
west;
And I sit while twilight shadows creep across my cottage
floor,
Thanking God for home and loved ones at the age of
forty-four.

Life is always what you make it—you may build for
weal or woe.

Rough the road, or smooth, my brother—it depends which
way you go.
Love and laughter smooth the pathway—sighs and groans
will make it rough;
You can see more flowers blooming if you'll just look long
enough.
And as you pursue your journey, hand in hand with
those you love,
You will see the sun shine brightly though the dark clouds
hang above.
Swift the years go gliding by me, but I heed their flight
no more—
I'm too thankful for my blessings at the age of forty-
four.

FORTY-FIVE

A few gray hairs and a wrinkle or two,
And a growing love for an easy chair,
A longer search for an easy shoe,
And a longer rest in the twilight fair.
But the sun's as bright and the joys as keen
As in days gone by when the years were few,
And the whole world grows with a golden sheen
While I gaze far out on the charming view.
And O, it's glorious to be alive
And feeling fit at forty-five!

I may not stand in the highest place
And win applause from admiring throng.
I may not win in the world's mad race,
Nor join with pride in the victor's song,
But when daylight dies I can haste away
From the toils and cares that are given me,
And spend the hours of the closing day

With loved ones gathered about my knee.
For O, it's glorious to be alive
To scatter roses at forty-five.

Th' advancing years bring their recompense
In the ties of friendship stronger grown;
In a comradeship growing more intense
As the days unfold to the great unknown.
So I will not mourn for the days now dead,
But in today and its joys take part—
What matters years that have swiftly sped
If youth still lingers within the heart?
Rejoice with me—I am still alive
And young of heart at forty-five.

The birds still sing and the flowers bloom,
And the children laugh in the same old way;
The same sun rises to banish gloom,
The same joys come with the dawning day.
So I'll not repine as the time speeds fast,
But live today with its joy and cheer.
What matters the days that are dead and past?
Today with its message of hope is here.
I'm doubly glad I am still alive
With loved ones 'round me at forty-five.

FORTY-SEVEN

Drawing very close to fifty—how the years go rolling
by—
And the sun of life is blazing at its zenith in the sky.
Almost fifty years of living, skies of blue and clouds
of gray,
And my mem'ry loves to linger over every bygone day.
Days of boyhood games and laughter, days of rosy dawn
of youth;

Days of early manhood bringing wealth of roses—and of
ruth.

Ah, the long years that have faded in the dim and distant
past

Till I'm owning forty-seven; nearing fifty pretty fast!

Forty-seven years of living—much of joy and some of
care;

Little gold to line my pockets, lots of silver in my hair.
Years of wandering wherever vagrant fancies bade me
roam,

But the sweetest years of living are the years of Home,
Sweet Home.

And when evening shades are falling, as the sun sinks in
the west,

I know well the home years give me all of life that is
the best.

So I sit beneath the home-tree with the ones I love most
dear,

Quite content at forty-seven—and with fifty drawing
near.

Forty-seven years of living—and of loving on the way,
Looking through each cloud of sorrow on to where the
sunbeams play.

Four score years and seven—count them—joys out-
number all the woes,

And I've quick forgot the thornpricks in the perfume of
the rose.

Years of dreaming and of doing; years of failure and
success,

But, thank God, each year made brighter by some true
friend's kind caress.

Now with life's sun at the zenith and the shadows east-
ward flung,

I shall cease this growing older, and just keep on growing
young.

FIFTEEN YEARS

Through bright sunshine and stormy weather
For fifteen years we've walked together,

Sweetheart, you and I.

Hand clasped in hand through all the days

We've helped each other on life's ways,

'Neath clear or gloomy sky.

And on this day your presence cheers,

O sweetheart of those fifteen years,

Just as it did that autumn day

You started with me on life's way.

Though time has brought us much of sorrow

We've held our faith in bright tomorrow,

Sweetheart, you and I.

And though deep grief has brought the tears

We look back on the vanished years

With more of smile than sigh.

And though we both have older grown

With years that o'er our heads have flown,

To me you're still the trusting maid

That walked forth with me unafraid.

The fleeting years their cycles turning

Have kept our youthful lovelights burning,

Sweetheart, you and I.

And now, dear one, we backward gaze

Upon those long departed days

Where treasured mem'ries lie,

And heart to heart and hand in hand

Upon the future's threshold stand,

And with our hearts free from all fears

We look toward e'en brighter years.

Through bright sunshine or stormy weather

For fifteen years we've walked together,

Sweetheart, you and I.

And 'round our knees our children play
When shadows mark the close of day,
And evening hours go by.
Dear one, as down life's ways we pass
You e'er will be the sweet-faced lass—
The little sweetheart—blythe and gay,
Of fifteen years ago today.

DENMAN THOMPSON

A message comes from Swanzy, Maine,
That grief and anguish spread,
A message fraught with deepest pain:
"Ol' Joshua Whitcomb's dead."

Dear soul, who made us better men
By many a homely phrase;
Who led us back to youth again
Through old-time days and ways.

The kindly face and tender heart
Are cold in death today;
The loving soul has played its part
Within its walls of clay.

And heaven's gates are opened wide
While waits the heavenly crew
To raise a welcome shout inside
When Ol' Josh passes through.

The home folks down in Swanzy, Maine,
Are kinfolks all today.
Their grief our grief, their pain our pain,
When Ol' Josh passed away.
Sleep, dear soul, sleep; and sweet thy rest
As you to others gave.
Bloom, fairest flowers, at your best
Above Josh Whitcomb's grave.

GRANDPA!

He sits beside the fireplace and dreams of days long dead,
The ruddy gleams of dancing flames a halo o'er his head.
He lives again the days of youth when life was young
and gay,

And Love twined roses in a wreath to beautify his way.
He hears the rolling of the drums, the shrill fife piping
free;

He dreams of comrades on the march and hears the
reveille.

Through battle-smoke he sees the flag! Ah, stirring days
of yore—

And grandpa, sitting by the fire, lives through the days
once more.

He hears the tumult die away, the cannon's roar is stilled,
And with the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" the
circling camp is filled.

He sees his mother at the gate—the welcome home lights
burn—

He hears the neighbors shout with glee to welcome his
return.

Across the fields he takes his way to till the fertile soil;
From war's alarms to ways of peace, from camp to earn-
est toil.

He sees the changing seasons come, the peaceful har-
vest's store—

And grandpa, sitting by the fire, lives through the days
once more.

Once more adown the shady lane he walks Dan Cupid's
way,

A maiden's hand clasped in his own as dies the light of
day.

He sees beyond the ruddy glow of fire-place so wide

A rocking chair swing to and fro—his young and bonny
bride.

He hears the songs of childish glee, the tread of childish
feet;

He feels the dainty, soft caress of childish lips so sweet.
Through memory's haze he sees the toys of childhood on
the floor—

And grandpa, sitting by the fire, lives through the days
once more.

He sits beside the fireplace and dreams of days long
dead,

The ruddy gleams of dancing flames a halo o'er his head.
His kindly face is wreathed in smiles, his heart is young
and gay,

And children gather 'round his knee as daylight fades
away.

He sings them songs of long ago when he was but a boy;
When life was only sunshine, and love without alloy.

And seeing with their youthful eyes those long gone days
of yore,

He sits beside the fireplace and lives the years once more.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Around this world for many a year,

'Neath flags of many a hue,

O'er fertile field and desert drear,

'Neath clouds, and skies of blue,

I've roamed. I've seen the brightest lights,

The deepest depths of woe;

The fashions at the greatest heights,

The misery down below.

'Neath Spanish skies I've heard the strain
Of many a soft guitar;
I've heard great bands in loud refrain
Play hymns of stirring war.
But just the other night I heard
The music of the spheres—
And memory flew back, like a bird,
Through all the long gone years.

'Twas down in old St. Louis, too,
I heard the sweet refrain
That brought the old days back to view—
I was a boy again.
A great crowd sat beneath the dome,
Bright lights on ev'ry hand,
And Sembrich sang "Old Folks at Home,"
While Max Zach led the band.

I saw a humble little place
Far down a village street;
I saw a dear old smiling face
That shone with blessings sweet.
I walked the streets I used to roam,
'Neath trees I used to climb,
When Sembrich sang "Old Folks at Home,"
With Max Zach beating time.

I felt upon my cheeks the kiss
Of boyhood's dearest friend—
The mother-touch we daily miss,
And treasure to the end.
I heard the birds sing in the trees,
The rippling brooklet's call;
The sighing of the old-time breeze,
The brown nut's pattering fall.

I felt the touch of vanished hands,
Heard sounds of voices stilled;
And o'er the long unswept heartstrands
Old memories throbbed and thrilled,
And brighter grew the starlit dome,
And life grew more sublime,
When Sembrich sang "Old Folks at Home,"
With Max Zach keeping time.

Around the world I've roamed for years
'Neath flags of many a hue.
I've had my share of joys—and tears—
Storm clouds and skies of blue.
But I'll recall while on I roam
Through many a land and clime
When Sembrich sang "Old Folks at Home,"
With Max Zach keeping time.

THE NEWS FROM HOME

[With the writer's best wishes for many more years of life and usefulness to "Deacon" Dobyns, Editor of "The Sentinel," of Oregon, Mo.]

It's just like getting a letter from home,
This little old sheet from the town I was born in;
A message of cheer wherever I roam
That says to me weekly "Th' top o' th' mornin'!"
It brings to vision a picture complete
Of streets and of nooks and of cool, shady places;
From out of its pages it seems that I meet
The smile and the cheer of the old friendly faces.

It's not a journal of national fame,
This six-column sheet from the town of my boyhood;
But week after week I long, just the same,
To have it bring back to me scenes of youth's joyhood.

Right there is the name of an old school chum
Who with me has wandered the miles without number.
Ah, where are the others? Some lips are long dumb,
And under the blossoms of springtime they slumber.
Those friends of boyhood—like me they've grown old,
And like me have wandered the earth's furthest places.
And wouldn't we give of silver and gold
To smile once again into each other's faces?

Each time I get it and scan every line
It seems when I'm done like I'd just spent a week in
The presence of those dear old friends of mine,
The chums of my boyhood, and Tom and the
"Deacon."

I hear once again the clang of the press,
And memory brings back the days long departed;
Days when I knew naught of sorrow and stress—
A boy in the old town, carefree and lighthearted.

They may have bigger, and better, perhaps,
Than those little sheets from the towns we were born
in;
But none of them pleases us wandering chaps
Like papers from home with their "Top o' th'
mornin'!"

And week after week we eagerly look
For names of the friends of the days long behind us—
An hour a week in some cool, quiet nook
With the welcome old sheet to of old days remind us.

GOING BACK

I'm going back ; I'm going back, and be a boy again,
Leave far behind the cares of now and taste the joys of
then.

I'm going to dive head-first once more in that ol' swim-
min' hole,

And wander 'long the river's banks with my cane fishin'
pole.

Back to the joys of yester years, when life was free from
care ;

When every sky was azure blue and every breeze was
fair.

I'm going to sit upon the bank and chew the rag with
Blunk,

And watch to see my bobbing cork go underneath—
ker-plunk !

I'm going back ; I'm going back, through all the vanished
days

And gather in the bloom of youth along the old-time ways.
Down by the mill and through the woods, and past the
shaded hill,

And through the pasture lot that lies along the rippling
rill ;

Right to the stump that's leaning o'er the deepest, dark-
est pool,

Where lurk the bullheads and the perch beneath the
waters cool.

And then, forgetful of life's cares, I'll sit and talk with
Blunk,

While we keep careful watch to see when our corks go
ker-plunk !

I'm going back ; I'm going back, forgetful of the years

That tinge my once black hair with gray, forget all
cares and tears,
To be a care-free boy again, with happy, joyous heart,
And sit and fish the old, old stream where cautious bull-
heads dart.
Then, when the sun sinks slowly down behind the crim-
son west,
And birds and beasts have settled down for hours of
peaceful rest,
I'll slowly take the backward trail, and later, in my
bunk,
I'll say my "lay me down to sleep"—and dream of youth,
and Blunk!

PICTURES

Jack Frost can paint rare pictures
On the window over night,
Tracing myriad forms gymnastic
With his pencil cold and white.
But the rarest, fairest picture
That high art can e'er attain
Is my baby's smiling features
Framed within the windowpane.

When the fiery artist limns his
Pictures in the glowing coals
He can touch the finest feelings
Of the most artistic souls.
But the sweetest, neatest picture
Ever shown to mortal sight
Is my baby's smiling features
By the evening lamp alight.

When the sun god lays his colors
On the canvas of the world,

You may think earth's richest treasure
To your gaze has been unfurled.
But the rarest, fairest picture
I can ever hope to know
Is my baby's smiling features
With the light of love aglow.

THE CHEERUPATHIST

When you're feel'in kind o' blue,
An' things comin' bad for you,
Don't give up in blank despair,
Weep or wail or tear your hair;
Grit your teeth an' bow your neck;
Show th' world you're right on deck.
Smile an' say, "Well, here we come—
Stand aside an' watch us hum."

You've good reason to be glad
That though things are comin' bad,
They might easily be worse;
So, you're foolish if you curse
'Stead o' tryin' to catch sight
Of th' silver linin' bright.
Grit your teeth an' hustle out
An' you'll win without a doubt.

In your mind th' fable bear
Of th' tortoise an' th' hare.
You may be a movin' slow—
That don't matter—only go.
Don't stand still an' weep an' wail,
But keep pluggin' up th' trail.
Smile your troubles all away
An' you'll land all right some day.

TODAY

I care not what the future holds
For me alone. I only know
In summer heats and winter colds
I'll do my best as on I go.
I'll face the future with a smile,
Content to meet whate'er may be;
And say to all I meet the while,
Today is good enough for me.

I may not win a golden store,
Nor e'er achieve undying fame;
But I, at least, can strive the more
To squarely play life's little game.
I may not build a future great
Nor win renown upon the way;
But I, at least, can scoff at fate,
For I am master of today.

Not time, nor fate, nor circumstance
Can crush the hopes that in me lie;
The storms that rage, the lightning's glance,
But clear the atmosphere and sky.
I fear no future, for I know
Whate'er betide along life's way,
For me the flowers bloom and blow,
And I am master of today.

Come good, come ill, I will not yield
To sullen frown nor adverse grasp;
With utmost strength I'll stand and wield
The weapons that my hands may clasp.
I'll waste no time in idle thought
Of what the future hides away;
As given me, so have I wrought,
And I am master of today.

GOD BLESS HIM!

Here's to the man who smiles on you
And gives you a cheery "howdy-do;"
And falls in step when you're walking lame
From the bruises met in the world's rough game;
Who meets you with a warm handclasp
That makes old trouble fairly gasp;
Who says "hello!" and "howdy-do!"
And makes the world grow bright for you.

Here's to the man you chance to meet
In busy mart or the crowded street,
When you are fairly down and out
And lost in mire of deepest doubt;
Who slaps your back and cries "hello!"
With face alight with friendship's glow;
Who says "hello;" and "howdy-do!"
And makes life take a brighter hue.

Here's to the man of big, brave heart
Who dares from the crowd to step apart
And lend a hand to the man who fell
To the very brink of the lowest hell;
Who says, "Hello! what cheer, old scout!"
And helps him up to the right-about.
Who says "hello!" and "howdy-do!"
And starts him off on the way anew.

Here's to the man unknown to fame
Who loves all men and plays the game
Of this life square, and scorns to make
A profit big from a friend's mistake;
Whose eyes light up when he comes your way
And passes a pleasant time o' day;
Who says "hello!" and "howdy-do!"
And smiles, and gives new strength to you.

“OLD HOME WEEK”

Back to the home of childhood; back to the old, old days;
Back to the dear old wildwood; back to the old home
ways,

Where our young feet strayed in the sun and shade,
And we gaily roamed in the flow'ry glade;
When life was a dream in a gnomeland laid,
And all of the unsought future was bright to our youth-
ful gaze.

Through each field and glen of the Golden Then
Once more our feet are straying,
And we catch the breeze in the old, old trees
That sweet old chants are playing.
We tread the paths through the dear old grove;
And delve in memory's treasure trove,
And the tired Now in the old Then blends
And we grasp the hands of our playtime friends;
And a new light shines in our weary eyes
As the old, old tunes we're humming.
For we've laid the load by the dusty road
To haste to the Old Home Coming.

Through the quiet street our eager feet
The way to the old house taking.
To our eager sight on the left and right
The old-time scenes are breaking.
We stand once more in the dim old hall
While memory's echoing voices call.
We catch a glimpse of a sweet old face
That used to smile by the fireplace,
And the old love lies in those dear old eyes
That memory brings to greet us.
And we see once more that form of yore
That memory brings to meet us.

Back to the home of childhood ; back to the old, old days ;
Back to the dear old wildwood ; back to the old home
ways,

Where we dreamed youth's dreams midst the golden
gleams

That played on waves of the rippling streams ;

When life was as light as the noon sun's beams,

And all of the unsought future was bright to our youth-
ful gaze.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

Working and smiling I wait the day

When my ship comes sailing in ;

Hoping, when it shall at anchor lay

On the rippling surface of my life's bay

And the storm has hushed its din,

That it shall bring in its laden hold

Not ingot bars of the far east's gold,

But smiles and joys of my lifelong friends

To light my way till the journey ends—

Then, then shall the perfect peace begin,

When my ship comes sailing in.

Hope burns bright though the clouds hang low,

And my ship sails on and on.

Far out at sea where the strong winds blow

And far-flung clouds 'neath the blue sky go,

The captain and crew have gone.

Love is the captain, and Faith the crew,

And the good ship sails the ocean blue ;

It nearer comes with each closing day,

Plowing the waves of the sea's highway ;

On through the sun or the gray mists thin,

Is my good ship sailing in.

Freighted with hopes that the years have borne
Is the ship I long to see.

Balm that shall heal all the heart-strings torn,
Rest for the hands so long toil worn,

In years that have passed o'er me.
Shadowy forms that have long lain cold
In the dews and damps of the church-yard mold;
The warm handclasps that I used to know,
And the laughing eyes with their lovelight
glow—

Then shall be hushed all the world's rough din,
When my ship comes sailing in.

When white sails rise to my waiting eyes
And my ship shall anchor cast;
When the hold shall yield each precious prize
And lie full spread 'neath the bright blue skies

And I count my joys at last;
Then, laying my toils and trials by,
And all of my loved ones drawing nigh,
I'll rest content till the setting sun;
Shall sing to sleep with my life's work done,
And wake where eternal joys begin
After my ship comes in.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

My sweetheart stood 'neath the mistletoe

When the Christmas morn dawned bright and fair;
I saw the love in her eyes aglow

As she waited, smiling, for me there.
I caught the challenge she flung at me—

I couldn't help it to save my life—
And springing forward I planted square

A kiss on the lips of my sweetheart-wife.

JOHN'S WEALTH

Three hundred millions all he's worth?

How poor John D. must feel!

Just millions—nothing else on earth,

He misses much that's real.

Three hundred million ducats piled

In one large yellow stack—

And a digestion sadly riled,

With stomach out of whack.

Three hundred million "yellow boys"

To do with as may please,

And yet he doesn't know the joys

Of buttermilk and cheese.

He's got the dollars in his clutch,

But little good they do;

He cannot eat a jolly "Dutch

Lunch" just like me and you.

Just twenty million plunks a year,

But they give no delight,

He'd give 'em all to feel the cheer

Of a good appetite.

A hundred thousand plunks a day—

Now doesn't that sound grand?

But John would give 'em all away

To eat a good "corned beef and."

John has a palace rich and grand

Amidst the New York hills;

I've got an humble cottage, and

I toil to meet my bills.

But my digestion's something fine.

And appetite O. K.

And I'd not trade these joys of mine

For all John D.'s today.

MY VACATION

I read about the mountains,
Scenery sublime and great;
Of purling streams and fountains,
Trout with greed insatiate.
I read of long vacations
Spent in shadows of the peak—
But I'll make no preparation,
For I'll only have a week.

I read about the ocean,
Wavelets breaking bright and blue;
Read of storm king's wild commotion,
Cliffs and crags of rugged view.
But I only read and ponder,
For I'll only have a week.
So I'll dig some worms and wander,
Fish for bullheads in the creek.

MY PART

I may not lead some great world-wide reform
That benefits my fellowman;
But I can show my sympathies are warm
And cheer the men who can.

I may not have the brains to lead a fight
Against the wrongs on every hand;
But I can help the man who has, all right—
I'll cheer to beat the band.

I may not give to all who hunger feel
A feast of viands rich and rare;
But I can give some brother half my meal
And banish one's despair.

I may not slay the dragons lust and greed
That day by day oppress my fellowman;
But I can cheer and wish a warm God-speed
Unto the man who can.

I may not be the man to point the way
To nobler words and thoughts and deeds;
But I can cheer, and thus help day by day
The man who can—and leads.

I may not have the talent at command
To fire men's hearts to battle 'gainst the wrong;
But when I see one, by him I can stand
And help the work along.

THE MISTLETOE

She stood beneath the mistletoe,
Innocent as could be;
She looked about her everywhere
At everyone but me.
And I—well, I just took a chance
Amidst the revelers there,
And pressing forward to her side
I kissed her, fair and square.

Then later, in a shaded nook,
From interference free,
She said she knew I'd take the bait
And didn't look at me.
And so, young man, I'd give advice:
"Just watch your chance and go
For her who never looks at you,
Under the mistletoe."

REAL MUSIC

You may talk about Beethoven, of Mozart and Rubenstein,
For their music may be bully—but another kind for mine.
You may talk about sonatas with their low and swelling
chords,
Or about those airy nothings that are called “songs
without words.”
And your rhapsodies and fuges, with their trills and
roundelays
May be counted as artistic and entitled to our praise.
But the music that best suits me with its swelling cadence
sweet
Is the clatter of the binder in the fields of waving wheat.

Mendelssohn was some musician, and of course you ought
to know
Paganini was the master of the fiddle and the bow.
Paderewski is a wonder when he paws his yellow hair
And gets busy with the iv'ry, thumping on the keys for
fair.
And there's Sousa with his brasses playing marches full
of swing.
Till you feel your feet a-tapping while the very echoes
ring.
But the music that will hold me, make my happiness
complete,
Is the clatter of the binder in the fields of waving wheat.

You can hear the song of plenty rise above the rolling
plain
As the busy binder clatters through the fields of golden
grain.
You can hear the happy laughter that about the land is
spread

When the music of the binder means a busy world well
fed.
For across the hills and valleys sound the chorus of
content,
Till the world joins in the singing of the people's better-
ment.
And the summer air is freighted with the harvest music
sweet
As the busy binder clatters through the fields of waving
wheat.

THE PIONEERS

[Verses read at the Old Settlers' meeting at Nemaha
City, Nebr., August 2, 1907.]

In the far gone days when the land was young ;
And the West a land as a thing unknown ;
With the golden future a song unsung
And the sentinel buttes stood guard alone,
A rumor spread through the rockbound steeps
And the stony fields of the eastern slope
That far out west where the sundown sleeps
Was the land of promise, and youth, and hope.

To the stirring call of this far new land
There came response as in days of yore
When the great crusades called that gallant band
That bravely marched with the cross before ;
And on they swept and ever on,
Till on history's page at last appears
The names whose fame 'round the world has gone—
This gallant army of pioneers.

On, on they came like the restless tide,
Sweeping far out to the sundown west;
In the matchless strength of their free born pride,
The nation's hope, and the nation's best.
And ever and on their far front spread
Through days and nights of the toil-scarred years,
Till the desert wastes, like the fog mists, fled
At the onward sweep of the pioneers.

The prairies, scarred by the oxdrawn craft,
Spread out before like the Promised Land,
And then, at the touch of toil it laughed
To fruitful harvests on every hand.
But not alone in their strength they wrought
Through weary days of their hopes and fears,
For the God, whose help and strength they sought,
Marched side by side with the pioneers.

With sturdy blows and with purpose true
They built their homes out of prairie sod;
Giving the nation a great state new,
Giving their hearts to home and God.
And thus was carved from the barren waste
An empire built for eternal years,
And the men at the posts of danger placed
Were these great souls—the Pioneers.

So here is a song to the women and men
Who pushed their way to the wide-spread west;
Whose span of life 'twixt now and then
Has given this nation its grandest, best.
And ever we'll sing while eternity rolls
Unceasing cycles of gathering years
Our songs of rejoicing for these great souls
Who builded Nebraska—The Pioneers.

THANKSGIVING

Getting ready for Thanksgiving—turkey fat and growing fine—

Lots of reason to be thankful; blessings full and free are mine.

Health and home and smiles of loved ones; friends to greet me on my way;

Love and laughter making music where my happy children play.

Cosy nook beside the fire when the evening shadows fall
And the ease of solid comfort gathers 'round and over all.

Getting ready for Thanksgiving?—Ev'ry day let it be said

We have cause for deep thanksgiving for the blessings 'round us spread.

Getting ready for Thanksgiving—from the distance wide apart

We can feel the loving message heart is sending forth to heart.

From the far-off lands and places where their busy footsteps roam

We can hear them gladly singing: "Wait for us; we're coming home."

Home, to old-time scenes and places; home to loved ones always dear;

Home, around the family table with its wealth of love and cheer.

Getting ready for Thanksgiving—happy milestone on the way

Where we give thanks for the blessings spread about us day by day.

Getting ready for Thanksgiving—that's the place for father's chair—

Where the ruddy flames will glisten on the silver in his hair.

And that easy rocker by it—empty all these fleeting years—

We will see a loved form take it through the mist of falling tears.

This for brother; this for sister—Ah, the circle is complete

As we clasp hands 'round the fire in communion silent, sweet.

Getting ready for Thanksgiving—raise the window curtain high

That the lamp may be a beacon to the loved ones drawing nigh.

CHRISTMAS

While the Christmas bells are ringing out the message of good will,

And the echoes fling the tidings over ev'ry vale and hill;

While the Christmas star is shining with a radiance the same

As it had that wondrous morning when the blessed Christ Child came;

When we raise our voices, singing songs of earnest, loving praise

For the joys that lie about us, making bright our earthly ways—

Let us give a thought to others who in joy have little part

Till we've learned the blessed lesson—keeping Christmas in the heart.

Hark! Above the Christmas carols hear the children's
plaintive cry;
Hear the broken sobs of widows doomed by pestilence
to die
In the tenements so fetid; victims of inhuman greed;
Slaughtered to the god of Mammon—they for justice
vainly plead.
See the pallid little faces, hear them vainly beg for
crumbs;
See the noisome hives of humans where no Christmas
ever comes.
You who have enough of blessing ne'er can have a right-
ful part
In the real joys of Christmas till you've Christmas in the
heart.

While the Christmas bells are ringing out their messages
so clear,
Go ye out among your fellows, spread the gospel of good
cheer.
From some heart bowed down in sorrow lift the bitter
load of woe;
In some home with gloom o'ershadowed spread the
cheerful Christmas glow;
To some child, some weeping widow, working out a
wretched lot
Take a share of Christmas blessing—show them God has
not forgot.
Just divide your Christmas blessings, give unfortunates
a part,
And you'll double joys of Christmas—keeping Christ-
mas in the heart.

THE REVERSE OF THE GOLDEN SHIELD

(An Easter Morning Reverie)

Along the chancel rail, and on the altar stair,
The sweetest lilies give their fragrance to the air.

The deep-toned organ swells,
And vested choir in richest, fullest chord,
Sings songs of praise unto the risen Lord.

Each ringing anthem tells
That from the dark and dismal earthly prison
The King of Kings and Lord of Lords is risen.

The nodding plumes on heads bowed down in prayer;
The incense of sweet blossoms on the quiet air,

The flashing gems and gold;
The soft and silken rustle, the content
On every face for richest blessing sent

On these within the fold—
All these amidst the Easter lilies' fragrant bloom
Drives care away and light drives out the gloom.

But what of those for whom no blooming lilies fair
Shed richest fragrance on the Easter morning air?

God's poor, to whom content
Means but a crust, a rag for shiv'ring forms,
A hovel as a home from all life's storms—

In filth-strewn tenement.
Souls scared by sin because God's holy word
As taught in yon great church is never heard.

The children of the sweat-shop, starving, sunken-eyed?
Was't not for such as these the Gentle Master died?

Have they no place and part?
Hopeless, soul-starved, with blank and tear-stained face,
Have they, in all this Easter pomp and pride, no place?

Can there be contrite heart
Within the breast of one who 'midst the lilies kneels
And for these little ones no touch of pity feels?

The perfumed flowers upon your corsage white
Would mean to starving children food and clothes and
light.

Each diamond-studded ring
Upon your hand, unmarked by toil or care,
Would give a thousand children God's fresh air,
And richest roses bring
Back to their sunken cheeks. You think God ever hears
The empty prayers above the children's falling tears?
Loud ring the Easter bells; the solemn anthems rise
Through nave and arch—the while the child slave starves
and dies

Within their glorious sounds.
Grim Death stalks 'round, with misery, want and woe
To mark the path where Death walks sentry-go.

“The Lord is risen—Love abounds!”
But thousands of His loved ones—of such the Kingdom
they—
Starve, and within the shadow of His church today.

EASY

I bought my wife a meerschaum pipe
And kept it hid away;
Until I could hand it to her
Upon last Christmas day.

For me she bought a collarette—
A sealskin beauty, too.
She hung it on the Christmas tree
And said: “Dear, it's for you.”

That evening, when 'twas time to dine,
We both sat down to sup,
She with the pipe, I with the fur—
And traded, even up.

THE FARMER PAYS IT ALL

[Written for a Farmers' Union picnic held near Hennessey, Okla., and recited by Miss Bumps, daughter of Elmer Bumps, a prominent member of that organization.]

We have heard in song and story of the heroes who win
glory

Fighting, dying, 'neath the old red, white and blue;
And their memories we are praising and tall columns we
are raising

To the soldiers of the nation, tried and true.

We have watched the corporations get a death grip on
the nations,

And we've seen the giant trusts their coffers fill;

We have seen the king's financial pile up fortunes quite
substantial—

And the farmers of the nation foot the bill.

We have seen, as years were rolling, men the big trust
kings extolling,

We have seen the nation's bounds extended wide.

We have heard that trade and barter to extend must
have a starter,

So a subsidy for ships must be applied.

We have heard the railroad bosses say they're up against
great losses

If with water their great stocks they can not fill;

And a lot of men will swear if we complain about the
tariff—

But the farmers of the nation foot the bill.

Day by day we toil and labor, scarcely seeing nearest
neighbor,

While the men who profit from our honest toil

Live in ease and laughing gaily, watch us while we're
toiling daily

To bring forth the fruits of Nature from the soil.
Don't you think, O toiling brother, toiling wife and toil-
ing mother,

That it's time we stood a strong, united band?
Don't you know that once united all our toil will be
requited,

And that we would be the rulers of the land?

Join our union! Stand together in sunshine or stormy
weather,

Face to face, heart to heart, and hand to hand.
All our mutual burdens bearing, all our daily blessings
sharing,

All for one and one for all, united stand.
Hear the voice of Union calling; see the foe is backward
falling;

Clouds of wrong are scattered by the rising sun.
Armed with ballots ready, forward! God Almighty hates
a coward—

Do your duty and our battle will be won.

THREE SINGERS

When Lewis lilts his songs o' home,
And Stanton lilts o' spring;
When Griffin lilts o' days to come,
I catch their rhythmic swing.
I catch the gleam o' window lights
And smell the incense rare
Of coming days adown the ways
When I can raise my songs o' praise,
With never doubt nor care.

When Lewis sings his songs o' love
My thoughts to homeward turn;
I see the gleams of treasure trove
Where love's bright altars burn.
The laughter of my children rings
Like music on the air;
Far down the street the music sweet
Bids tired feet make haste to meet
The laughing loved ones there.

When Stanton tunes his songs o' spring
The incense laden breeze
Makes all the bare, brown branches swing
Upon the budding trees.
And smoother grows life's road for me,
And light my load of care;
While brighter beams the springtime gleams
That wake the streams from ice-locked dreams,
And joy beams everywhere.

When Griffin sings o' days to come,
When safe in port at last,
My ship with load of joy is home.
And sure kedge anchor cast,
I see behind the clouds of toil
The sun of rest shine bright;
I see the rays that light the ways
Adown the days where life's road lays.
And thank God all is right.

When Lewis, Stanton, Griffin sing,
I see dull care take rapid wing;
And brighter grows the world for me
While listening to this singing three.

IN THE OLD DAYS

Once more we've talked the old days o'er
With craftsmen of the case;
Once more we've seen the old-time smile
Upon each comrade's face.
We've told the tales of bygone days,
Of fortunes high and low,
And sung about the Pirates bold
Once more in old St. Joe.

We've told again the old-time tales
Of blind-end, rod and beam;
We've gone again along the trails
Once passed by hand or steam.
We've talked of Busby, Dunbar, Lee,
And all the Pirate crew
Whose faults were always manifest
Though hearts were ever true.

Once more we've sung the old, old "Hail"
To tell "the gang's all here."
Once more we've heard the good old vows
The printerman holds dear.
And once again we've gathered faith
That holds us staunch and true
To all the principles laid down
By good old I. T. U.

And when the last take's off the hook,
The last form locked and down;
The last dupe cut and pasted up
And smoothed the foreman's frown—
When all is done, God grant the gang
Across the stream may ride
And get a sit close by the throne
Upon the regular side.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

He worshipped golden idols and the shining dollar mark
Lured him on through days of sunshine and through
evening shadows dark.

Piling millions his ambition, he reached out for golden
store,

And each dollar that he garnered made him reach and
grab for more.

Thousands toiled to make him profit, sweat to make him
rich and great,

Till he owned a fortune equal to the riches of a state.

Then, worn out in chasing money, he laid down and
quickly died,

And he couldn't take it with him when he crossed the
Great Divide.

Friends of early days forgotten he for golden eagles
chased,

And the friendships men should covet were by greed
for gain displaced.

To broad acres rich and fertile he could read his title
clear;

At his nod great rulers cowered and their subjects quaked
with fear.

When he spoke the millions listened, for he ruled with
golden sway,

And he added to his millions ev'ry moment of the day.
But at last Death sent its summons and cut down his
golden pride,

And he left his wealth behind him when he crossed the
Great Divide.

What is life if it be given to pursuit of yellow gold?
Can a life that's ruled by money any of its joys behold?
Friendship that is worth the having is not bought like
merchandise,

And the richest joys of living are not bound by golden ties.

What shall profit him who gaineth fortune's greatest, richest goal

If in gaining he doth forfeit through eternity his soul?
Don't waste life in piling dollars till the light of love they hide,

For you can not take them with you when you cross the Great Divide.

OLD HOME WEEK

"Old Home Week" in Missouri—of course I am going home—

Back down to the days and the old time ways, and happy and free I'll roam

Down through Ol' Russell's pasture, and over by Kunkel's mill,

And back again through the shady lane to the old house on the hill.

On the grass grown banks of the Tarkio, where oft in the past I strayed,

Once more I'll lay in a lazy way neath the drooping willow's shade.

I'll walk along the wide old street to the old school house below,

While the deep-toned bell sweet tales will tell of the day of long ago.

"Old Home Week" in Missouri, and all of us going back—

Back, girls and boys, to the old-time joys on th' old well-beaten track,

Over the flower-strewn meadows, and down where the orchards sweep,

And over the hills and down the rills where the soft
cloud-shadows creep,
When the twilight falls as the day is done I'll turn my
eager feet
To the litle cot and the garden plot, with their mem'ries
sad and sweet.
I'll pierce the gloom of the vanished years, I'll see each
well-loved face
In the twilight gloom of the sitting room in my boyhood's
old home place.
"Old Home Week" in Missouri, from the regions wide
apart,
From shops, and fields with their fertile yields, from busy
and noisy mart,
We are going back to the old home state, back to the
paths flower-strewn,
And the Mother State in her strong arms great will once
more clasp her own.
She calls to us o'er the distance wide—we answer the
loving cry—
We hurry back o'er the old home track, and ever as we
draw nigh
We shout the name of the old home state—Missouri—
dear old Mizzou!
We heard you call, and one and all, we're hurrying back
to you!

SOME RESOLUTIONS

Goin' t' keep a smilin' as th' years go rollin' by,
Goin' t' look for sun a shinin' back o' clouds that line
th' sky;
Goin' t' cut out grumblin' an' I ain't a goin' t' sigh,
'Cause there ain't no use a keepin' up a worry.

Goin' t' do my duty daily an' trust God t' do th' rest;
Goin' t' keep a lively hustle an' just' do my level best;
Goin' t' tackle ev'ry duty with th' greatest kind o' zest,
'Cause there ain't no use a givin' way t' worry.

Goin' t' sing a song o' joytime when I near my cottage
door;

Goin' t' roll around with babies on th' little cottage floor;
Goin' t' thank God for th' blessin's that upon me daily
pour,

'Cause there ain't no use o' wastin' time in worry.

Goin' t' face all kinds o' weather without airy sigh or
fear;

Goin' t' do my best to dry up ev'ry bitter fallin' tear,
Goin' t' play th' ol' game squarely all around th' comin'
year,

'Cause it never pays a feller for t' worry.

Goin' t' bask within th' lovelight that's awaitin' me at
home;

Goin' t' say goodby t' troubles if around my path they
roam;

Goin' t' put my best foot forward an' my trust in king-
dom come,

'Cause it's wastin' precious time t' fret an' worry.

“DIXIE”

Now they talk o' changin' “Dixie,”

And I hear th' ringin' notes

Of th' ol' song through th' Southland

From a hundred thousand throats.

I can hear th' ol' words ringin',

Soundin' from bayou' t' sea—

“Dixie Land where I was born in”—

An' they're good enough for me.

I can see th' ol' host marchin'
While th' sunbeams dance an' play
On th' battleflags an' guidons
An' th' tattered suits o' gray.
I can hear th' fife's thin shrillin'
As old days come back to me—
"In Dixie land I'll take my stand"—
An' they're good enough for me.

I can hear a band a playin'
Way out past our picket line;
Blue clad boys a makin' music
Soundin' soft an' sweet an' fine.
"Hail Columbia" comes a rollin'
From the band an' quick's can be
Back we send th' answer, "Dixie,"—
An' it's good enough for me.

I can see that gray host marchin'—
Fightin' done an' goin' home.
But it's still a singin' "Dixie,"
Full o' hope for days to come.
An' from ev'ry band in Northland
Comes th' old tune, wild an' free—
"Away down south in Dixie—"
An' them old words just suit me.

When th' old "Star Spangled Banner"
Rings out on th' evenin' air,
North an' South we come up standin'.
Eyes upon "Old Glory" there.
An' we've buried strife forever
'Neath that banner of th' free—
An' both North an' South sing "Dixie"—
Good enough—just let it be.

Talk about a change in "Dixie!"
Sonny, hand me that new gun—
One you had way down in Cuba
Under that old flag. Which one?
Why, there ain't but one flag, sonny;
Stars an' stripes—flag of th' free—
An' beneath it I'll sing "Dixie"—
Old words, too—they just suit me!

LIFE

A little grief, and much of joy
Marks every day.
A wealth of love without alloy,
Along life's way.
A little toil, a little pain,
The glint of sun, the welcome rain,
And then comes night.
A peaceful rest at set of sun,
A welcome home when work is done,
And life's all right.

A time to meet, a time to part;
Friends come and go.
Hand clasping hand, heart beats to heart,
Comes joy, comes woe.
The radiant light of clear blue skies,
The welcome gleam in children's eyes,
Make hearts grow light.
A battle won for those loved best,
And troubles faced with merry jest,
And life's all right.

LOCATING THE BLAME

Each morn he perched before the bar
And gulped his liquor down,
And 'twixt each drink he'd say, "I think
The fates upon me frown."
He'd say Dame Fortune passed him by
And made him good jobs lose;
He blamed each day that slipped away—
But he never blamed the booze.

From off the cool, enticing stein
He'd blow the creamy foam,
And 'twixt each draught he cursed the "graft"
That robbed the kids at home.
"My kids in rags, my wife forlorn,"
He sighed 'midst many a tear
"And I could name the trust to blame"—
But he never blamed the beer.

"Here's to you, pal!" he would exclaim
Some seven times an hour,
And 'twixt each drink he'd say, "I think
The trusts are sure in power.
They rob our children of their grub,
Their shoes are torn and thin;
The trust's to blame for all our shame"—
But he never blamed the gin.

"The trusts have got us by the throat,"
Full oft I've heard him say;
"They reign in state while we must wait
Their pleasure every day."
He blamed them for his rotten luck,
He blamed them low and high;
With glass held tight he blamed them right—
But he never blamed the rye.

At home his wife and little ones
In hunger, rags and tears,
Knew well the cause of all things was
The bourbon, gin and beers.
They knew just where to lay the blame
For lack of food and shoes;
For lack of clothes and hunger's woes—
And they just blamed the booze.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOUNTAINS

In the shadow of the mountains whose uplifting peaks of
gray
Pierce the misty clouds that hover o'er the vista day
by day;
In each grim and rocky fastness where the purling
waters leap
And the sighing, cooling breezes lull the senses into
sleep;
Where eternal snows of winter decorate each rocky crest
And the balmy scent of pine trees comes with magic
healing blest—
In the shadow of the mountains whose gray peaks shall
never nod,
Pointing upward to the heavens like the sentinels of God.
In the shadow of the mountains wrought in wonderful
design
By the deft and ready fingers of a master hand divine;
Where each peak and crag and canyon, while the count-
less ages roll,
Tells to a man a wondrous story that shall glorify his
soul;
In the grim and rocky presence of these great Titanic
walls

Where the arms of nature welcome and the voice of nature calls—

In the shadow of the mountains whose gray leagues are yet untrod

One can read creation's story in the handiwork of God.

In the shadow of the mountains whose gray peaks are limned in gray

And the cloud-drifts float and hurry like some giant folk at play;

Where, while standing in the presence of a work so great and grand,

Men can get a glimpse of power of the great Almighty's hand.

And across his soul there stealeth, like the shadows o'er the peaks,

Awe that stills him into silence while the Great Creator speaks—

In the shadow of the mountains, grim gray peaks that never nod,

Man stands face to face in silence with the sentinels of God.

LONGING

I want to write for a daily that's honest, and square, and true;

Whose business office won't censor the news that is passing through.

A daily that turns its searchlight alike on the great and small;

That will not kowtow to riches, nor down in the gutter crawl.

I want to write for a paper that isn't allied with crime;

That isn't crammed with sensations, and murder, and
filth, and slime.

I want to report for a paper that isn't a bit afraid
To use the clearest of English, and call every spade a
spade.

I want to see my name written upon the assignment
book

Of a paper that has vigor to camp on th' trail of a crook,
No matter how high his station, no matter the price he
bids,

And put him in stripes like the poor cuss who steals the
grub for his kids.

I want to be a reporter on just such a daily as that—
A paper that isn't an "organ," and scorn to divvy the
"fat."

Under a chief who orders: "You chase out and gather
the facts!"

And gives us all assurance no corporate thug wields
an ax.

I want to work on a paper that hasn't a single "string;"
That always stands for the people instead of some cor-
porate thing.

A sheet that tells advertisers it has no favors to sell—
If they don't like its position to take their ads straight
to Gahenna!

I want to be on a paper that has the courage to strike
At every doer of evil—to which all thieves look alike.
A paper that helps the helpless; holds back the arm of
the strong

Who seek to take toll of the children, or reap a harvest
from wrong.

I want a job on that daily; any assignment or "run;"

And told to write things as I find them, proving my facts
when done.

To show up thieves in high places, as well as the thieves
in low;

To turn the light on big grafters, and give poor devils
a show.

I long to be on such a paper—I dream of a time I am—
And given my orders to show up all manner of graft
and sham.

Not here on this earth may I find it—it's my firmest
belief

'Twill only be in heaven, with Gabriel Editor-in-Chief.

WITHIN THE WEEK

The drumhead is busted, the trumpet is battered,
The wagon is crippled, the dishes are shattered.
The Christmas tree's down and the bright decoration
Is scattered and flung over all of creation.

The dolly is headless, and poor Jumping Jack
Is nursing in silence his poor broken back.

The Mother Goose rhymes have been worn into pulp,
And naught of the candy is left now to gulp.

The candles have burned to a faint spot of grease,
And over the house there is silence and peace.

But what if the toys and the books are destroyed?

Just think of the hours the children enjoyed

The gay Christmas toys that were hung on the tree,

Just think of the week full of infantile glee.

It's enough to repay all the trouble and cost,

For the joy that we gave them can never be lost.

'Twas a week of great gladness we'll never forget—

And we'll do it next Christmas—on that you can bet.

"HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER"

[Verses read at banquet tendered by Toronto Typographical Union No. 90 to visiting printer delegates to American Federation of Labor convention, November 13.]

O, it's hands across the border, and it's hands across the sea!

"God Save the King" you're singing; we "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

Blood is thicker e'er than water, and we know what friendship means

For we've tried each other's mettle—Lundy's Lane and New Orleans.

So we clasp our hands like brothers as we press the forward track,

While Old Glory waves and ripples by the side of Union Jack.

O, it's hand across the border, and it's hands across the sea!

For we've learned to know each other in our wars for liberty.

And where'er you see those banners waving 'neath the vaulted dome

You will always find true fighters for the cause of right and home.

By the old Star Spangled Banner and the Red Cross of St. George

We have welded stoutest friendships in the fires of Freedom's forge.

O, it's hands across the border, and it's hands across the sea!

"Rule Britannia!" "Yankee Doodle!" "Home, Sweet Home" where'er we be.

And we carry Freedom's banner 'round the girdle of
the earth
Till in ev'ry heart and conscience love of liberty has
birth.
So it's hands across the border, and it's hands across the
sea,
While "God Save the King" you're singing, we "My
Country 'Tis of Thee."

ALL RIGHT!

Waste of time to whimper when you see things going
wrong;
For that's the time a fellow should be coming good and
strong.
And it's not wise to be sobbing if your plans cease going
right—
That's the time to roll your sleeves up and proceed
straightway to fight.
Everything that's worth the winning is worth fighting
for to get,
And if you will keep on fighting you'll be happy yet,
you bet.
Every somber cloud that hovers has its silver lining
bright
So just keep a going, brother, confident that all is right.

Rainy days may cause you trouble, but don't waste your
time in sighs;
Just recall the bow of promise God has set upon the
skies.
Meet reverses in your fortunes with a strong man's
cheerful laugh

And you'll find them shrink before you till they measure
less than half.

Only cowards sit repining when they fail to win the
game;

Only cowards try to shoulder on the world the weight
of blame.

Roll your sleeves up to your elbows, then pitch in with
all your might

With determination steady that you'll win out yet, all
right.

Don't you try to trouble trouble till old trouble troubles
you,

Then just face it fairly, squarely, and to trouble say,
"Skidoo!"

Don't fret over opposition—kites must fly against the
wind—

You will win out if on justice all your hopes are safely
pinned.

Do the duty lying nearest, and be sure you do your best,
Yours is but to do your duty, God will take care of the
rest.

You may think success is often hidden far away from
sight,

But the doing brings the winning—everything will come
out right.

JUNE TIME

Singin' o' June, when the roses blow;

Liltin' a song when the sun hangs low;

Whistlin' away

Through th' livelong day—

Singin' an' whistlin' a merry tune

To the rosiest month of them all—that's June.

Watchin' the clouds as they hasten by,
Catchin' the gleam of the bright blue sky;
 Lazyin' 'round
 On th' sun-kissed ground—
Hearin' th' wind through the woodland croon
Her songs to the rarest of months—that's June.

Off through th' meadows cool an' sweet,
Where th' violets bloom in their dim retreat;
 Dreamin' dreams
 By the purlin' streams,
As they hasten by with their rhythmic rune
To the rosiest, fairest month—that's June.

Home at eve when the moon hangs low
And the sky gleams bright with a silver glow;
 Just lazyin' there
 In the old arm chair
A watchin' th' man who lives in th' moon
And laughs at th' fairest of months—that's June.

OLD HOME DAY

[Verses read at the "Old Home Day" celebration in
Oregon, Mo., Tuesday, July 27, 1909.]

From thy fold long since departed, wand'ring far from
 sea to sea,
Yet in all our far-flung journeys, back our hearts have
 turned to thee.
Unto thee, O old home city, nestling 'twixt thy hills
 green-walled,
And we hastened back to answer when the Old Home's
 voices called.

Back to scenes of youth and playtime; back to memories
sublime,
Throwing from our ageing shoulders burdens laid by
passing time.
As the child heart turns to mother, so our hearts turn
unto thee
When we hear your sweet tones calling, "Come, my
children, back to me!"

From the flower-decked prairies, from the busy market
place,
We have hurried at thy summons with glad smiles upon
each face.
Plow, and pen, and plane, and hammer for a time are
given rest
While we, tired and wand'ring children, lay our heads
upon thy breast.

Old Home Day! And all thy children gathered 'neath the
old roof-tree,
Singing songs of sweet home coming, paying homage
unto thee.
And the years are all forgotten, while the now fades
into then
Till we grown-up men and women are but boys and girls
again.

Hark! The old school bell is calling; grasp thy books
and haste away;
Laughing, singing, happy children; back again to yester-
day.
Memory sweeps aside Time's curtain, waves aloft her
magic wand,
And we trip o'er Russell's pasture, wander down to
Kunkel's pond.

Light of heart, care free and happy, once again we gaily
go

O'er the hills and through the valleys to the Big Tark's
muddy flow.

Through the hazel patch we wander, on beneath the wal-
nut trees,

While the echoes of our laughter freight the far-flung
summer breeze.

Home again! And all the strivings of the long years
are forgot

As we join in glad reunion 'round the Old Home's sacred
spot.

Hand clasps hand, and friendly greeting bids the years'
long cycle turn

Back to other days where altars of our youth's fires
brightly burn.

Home again! O scenes of playtime! Memories sweet of
days long dead!

Back to thee, O dear home city, gathered in thy arms
outspread.

And where'er the future calls us, over land or over sea,
We shall hear thy loved voice calling, dear Old Oregon,
to thee!

OPPORTUNITY

I'd like to hustle out and do some grand, heroic deed;
Some daring deed that all the world would cheer.

I'd like to fight a naval fight, or conquering army lead
For truth and right till tyrants quaked with fear.

I'd like to do great things like that and be a noted man,
But as I can't, I'm not a going to cry.

I'm going to keep on smiling, doing just the best I can
To smooth the rougher places I pass by.

I'd like to lead an army into some old king's domain
Where people groan beneath a tyrant's sway;
I'd like to punch his blooming head and sever ev'ry chain
And make his people glad I came that way.
But I know I'll never do it, for the job's too big for me,
Though you can bet I'll not sit down and sigh.
Perhaps some lonely brother sitting by the road I'll see,
And I can cheer him up while passing by.

I'd like to be commander of some modern battleships
And sweep my country's foes from off the sea.
I'd like to hear the plaudits from a grateful people's
lips

When I returned with news of victory.
But what's the use of wishing? I'm a little undersize
To tackle such a job, but I can try
To lighten up the burden which upon my brother lies,
And help him on a bit while passing by.

The world is full of people who are waiting for a chance
To do some wondrous deed to bring them fame.
And while they're idly waiting with their minds locked
in a trance

They grumble that the world don't hear their name.
I, too, would like the glory of some grand, heroic deed;
But I'll not waste my time in idle sigh.
Perhaps upon life's journey I will see a friend in need,
And I can help him some while passing by.

THE CALL

I'm weary of toiling and worry,
Of living the strenuous life;
I tire of the struggle and hurry,
The tumult, the noise, and the strife.
I long for a sight of the flowers;
The song of the murmuring stream;

I long for the forests where hours
Will pass like the woof of a dream.

I'm weary of plotting and scheming
That lay out the map of the game;
I'm tired of make-believe seeming
That oft is mistaken for fame.

I long for the lake and the river
That shimmer and shine in the sun;
Where leaves in the warm breezes quiver,
And rest is the goal I have won.

I'm weary of sepulchres whited
That harbor but moldy old bones;
I see childish toil unrequited
And listen to widowhood's moans.

I long for the day to be dawning
When right with the sceptre shall reign;
When men now at Mammon's feet fawning
Will rise in their manhood again.

I'm weary of false prophets crying
Their wicked, inscrutable lies;
While thousands of helpless are dying
As Mammon's and Greed's sacrifice.

I long for the day and the hour
When Greed shall be flung from the throne;
When man in his right and his power
Again shall step into his own.

I'm weary, but duty is calling,
And only the sluggard will shirk;
The tasks that are set appalling,
But honor says simply, "Go work!"

I long for the woods in their beauty,
But over the call that they give
I hear the stern calling of duty
That bids me be worthy to live.

JOYS O' WINTER

When the corn is cribbed in safety and the ducks are
flying high,
And the dead leaves thickly falling tells us winter draw-
eth nigh;
When the snow-clouds gray and sombre fly athwart the
autumn skies—
Then our mouths begin to water for the mince and pump-
kin pies.

“When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder’s in
the shock.”
It’s a joy to hear the notice that it’s half-past six
o’clock—
Six p. m., of course we’re meaning—and we rush to seize
the prize,
Juicy slabs of mother’s pastry, good old mince and pump-
kin pies.

All the Frenchified concoctions on the high toned bill
of fare
We’ll pass up in scorn and leave them to their glory
lying there,
For at home upon the table is a sight to please our eyes
And our stomachs—fat and juicy homemade mince and
pumpkin pies.

Old Lucullus, history tells us, ate the tongues of nightin-
gales,
But such food before ma’s pastry into airy nothing pales.
And I know that old Lucullus from his tomb would fain
arise
If he knew the joys abiding in those mince and pumpkin
pies.

Course the first, a slice of pumpkin; second course a
slice of mince;
Third and fourth a repetition—nothing better I've seen
since.
Breakfast, dinner, supper, 'tween times—nothing better
'neath the skies
Than these choicest gifts of winter, lucious mince and
pumpkin pies.
When the mince is gently boiling and the oven's piping
hot,
When the piecrust is made ready and the pumpkin's
in the pot;
I prepare myself for feasting—greatest joy before me
lies
In the shape of rich and juicy homemade mince and
pumpkin pies.

BEFORE AND AFTER

Sometimes I'd like to seize my pen*
And roundly roast my fellowmen;
To roast 'em to the good queen's taste,
And baste and turn, and turn and baste.
I feel that if I don't turn loose
And fairly cook some fellow's goose
I'm not performing well my work,
But rather am inclined to shirk.

But just when I am feeling mean
And start to thump this old machine,
Some friend comes stalking in my den
And lights it with a smile; and then
He says: "Hello!" and "Howdy-do!"

How's this old world a using you?"
And then my grouch is gone from sight
And I am feeling right, all right.

Sometimes I feel that I am slack
If I don't rip things up the back;
That I should paw the air and rant,
And race and roar and fairly pant
In mighty effort to command
A remedy for wrongs at hand.
It seems to me I have a chance
To make all evildoers dance.

But just about that time I see
A laughing baby on my knee.
I feel a tiny hand's caress;
The touch of dimpled cheeks that bless—
And then it's "Mr. Grouch goodbye!"
For in another minute I
Am quite content to sit and smile
And leave the "roasts" for afterwhile.

*Poet's license—I use a typewriting machine.

A PROBLEM WORTH WHILE

He has tackled divers questions
With assurance great to view,
From preserving our digestions,
Up to how big game pursue.
He has done work literary
With an air of honest pride,
And has writ in manner cheery
All about race suicide.

Of canals and arbitration,
And of income taxes, too;
Of the freight glut situation
And the right course to pursue
To make railroads come to center,
Or to back up old Monroe—
To be brief he is a Mentor
Knowing all that men can know.
But he has his limitations
Just like any other man.
He can't solve some situations
'Cause no human mortal can.
Vainly would he wilt his collar
If he faced the problem great
How to make a single dollar
Feed and clothe a bunch of eight.

BRACE UP!

When you're feeling rather blue
And the sledding's hard with you;
When your schemes go up the spout
And you're feeling down and out;
When you've shot and scored a miss—
Brace up and remember this:
Those who win are those who try.
So brace up and don't say die.
Swell your chest and try again;
Grit your teeth and smile at pain.
Tackle trouble with a laugh
And you'll cut the dose in half.
Look the world square in the eye;
Buck the line and don't say die,
Laying down is all the shame—
Sit straight up and play the game.

Don't dodge trouble—if you do
It will doubly trouble you.
Meet each task with grit and vim,
Do the square thing, sink or swim.
If you see hard luck draw nigh
Laugh again and don't say die.
Keep your face turned to the light,
Do your best and you're all right.

“SKIDDOO!”

If trouble comes a snooping 'round
And tries to harrow up your soul,
Don't let it force you to the course
Of seeking solace in the bowl.
Don't let it pass in through your door,
But make it hike off down the road.
Just whistle up and smile some more,
And tell old Trouble to be blowed.
Just say when Trouble comes in view;

“ ‘Skiddoo,’
That will be ‘23’
For you!’”

If Mother Gossip calls to tell
Some bit of scandal she has heard
About a friend whom you love well,
Don't listen to a single word.
Don't let her winks and nods and grins
And nasty hints lead you astray.
The moment she her tale begins
Just you rise up and gently say:
“I know my friend is straight and true—

‘Skiddoo!’
That will be ‘23’
For you!’”

When some man with a scheme for graft
Begins to talk in dulcet style
Of guarding this old nation's craft
Safe from the reefs of greed and guile,
Don't be deceived. In Ninety-six
You heard that plea from men who stand
Convicted of the meanest tricks
That blot the history of our land.
Just say, when such men come to view:
 " 'Skiddoo!'
 That will be '23'
 For you!"

To greedy trusts and selfish men,
To all who thrive on unjust laws;
To greed, no matter where or when,
And all who scorn the people's cause;
To those who scatter tears of woe
And rob the widow of her all,
Give battle now, and boldly go
To fight for right, to stand or fall.
Speak out in tones sincere and true:
 " 'Skiddoo!'
 That will be '23'
 For you!"

"MAKING GOOD"

The fellow who hurries and worries and flurries,
And rushes and gushes and rants;
Who chases and races through all public places,
With eyes ever on the main chance,
Will blunder, then wonder when he has gone under,
Why he all the shocks never stood.
But he failed, for he paled and he quivered and quailed,
When it came to the test—"Making good."

The halter and trimmer may catch a faint glimmer
Of smiles and of wiles of Dame Chance.
In his dreaming and scheming may catch a faint gleaming,
Of a goal that his eyes will entrance.
But he pales and he quails, and his energy fails,
And he couldn't win out if he would;
For he sighs and he cries at the vanishing prize
When it comes to the test—"Making good."

The fellow who's ready and sturdy and steady;
Who hustles and rustles and learns;
Acts honestly, fairly, uprightly and squarely—
That fellow success quickly earns.
Let him win it—that minute he will be strictly in it,
And meet every test as he should.
He will work like a Turk, and a duty ne'er shirk,
And go right ahead "Making good."

THE MAN WHO MAKES THE STATE

He had never gone through college, and his store of
varied knowledge
Was accumulated wholly by the hardest kind of knocks.
He had never led cotillions and inherited no millions,
But he had to steer his vessel by some sharp financial
rocks.
In the world of stock inflation he had neither part nor
station,
And he never posed as champion of nation's honor
bright.
But each day it was his pleasure to contribute humble
measure
Of the honest toil which blesses and which keeps
things moving right.

In the world of huge stock jobbing, planned for purposes
of robbing,

He had neither part nor parcel, and he had no tariff
graft.

No press agents he kept writing, gifts to colleges in-
dicting,

To keep blazing his cognomen on some bronze or
marble shaft.

In coal oil and lubrication he had neither part nor sta-
tion,

And he never claimed trusteeship, like the sainted Mr.
Baer.

But each day, sunshine or raining, ev'ry energy was
straining

To treat ev'ry fellow being that he met upon the square.

In his meek and humble station he had some participation

In politics which stirred up quite a lot of heated strife.

But he thought his thoughts and voted after each claim
had been noted,

And he acted as he thought best for the nation's better
life.

Press dispatches never touted, of his charity ne'er
spouted,

And among the swell "400" he had neither part nor
place.

But each day, no duty shirking, he put in at honest work-
ing,

And he ate his bread in comfort in the sweat upon
his face.

THE STRIKE

Bill Simpkins wuz a worker, somewhere's near 'bout 6 o'clock,
Sittin' 'round the grocery fire, where he'd talk, and talk, and talk.
'Lowd that he could 'complish wonders 'ith th' cradle an' th plow,
An' said maybe, if chance offered, he would surely show us how.
But when asked to give a reason fur his lazy, shiftless ways
O' jus' never doin' nothin' but a wastin' ov his days,
Bill would blink his eyes a minnit then would say as if surprised,
"I'm a waitin', boys, on congress, f'r I must be subsidized.

"What's the use o' takin' chances?" Bill would ask in anxious tones.
"What's th' use o' wastin' muscle or a rackin' ov yer bones?"
Then he'd settle back a grinnin' in th' ol' splint-bottomed chair,
One hand reachin' out f'r crackers, tother mussin' up his hair.
An' next day he'd keep a loafin' an' th' rest of us would sweat
F'r th' clothes that we wuz wearin' an' th' little that we et.
" 'Taint no use o' workin' that way," William Simpkins he surmised;
"Send pertitions down t' congress an' we'll all git subsidized."

An' at last we got t' thinkin' that perhaps ol' Bill was
right,
An' we made up a committee f'r t' try an' furnish light
On this thing that Bill had mentioned, an' it wasn't very
long
Till we found him right, by hector, an' th' rest ov us
wuz wrong.
An' we all just took t' loafin'; nary load o' grain we'd
haul
'Cause we knowed it didn't pay us, an' we didn't work at
all.
An' we're goin' t' keep on loafin' till the country's para-
lyzed
Or our trusty old farm wagons, like th' ships, is sub-
sidized.

WHEN WASHINGTON WAS HERE

When Washington was president
'Twas evident
That he was bent
On something more than cent per cent—
A fact recalled with pride.
But since the Washingtonian day
A different way
Came into play
To flourish like the flowers in May,
And courts of law deride.

They had no trust bituminous
Or luminous,
Consumin' us;
They had no beef trust doomin' us
When Washington was here.
They had no trust in laundry soap,

Or twine and rope,
To crush all hope;
They had no foodstuff full of dope
In George's day and year.

They had no trust in lead and steel,
Or fancy wheel
To make us squeal;
They didn't "soak" the commonweal
When Washington was here.

They had no trust in anthracite,
Electric light
Or cotton white;
They had no courts to make wrong right
In George's day and year.

They had no trust to soak 'em good.
When buying wood
Because it could;
Such things they never would have stood
When Washington was here.

They had no big insurance rings
A running things
Their way, b'jings,
No Hyde, or Schwab or Corey flings
In George's day and year.

They had no senate full of tools
Obeying rules
Like docile mules;
No monied men were bribing schools
When Washington was here.

They had no giant trusts in hides,
No free pass rides,
No shoddy snides;
No shipping trust to boom besides,
In George's day and year.

Some wondrous changes have been wrought
Since Georgie fought
And freedom brought
To all mankind in speech and thought—
Which fact you can't deny.
The trusts have got us in their grip,
They smile and whip
Us thigh and hip,
And trust-made laws won't let us slip—
And yet you wonder why.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Things a-lookin' rather blue?
All the world a bit askew?
Then, my friend, it's up to you
Just to hustle out and do
Something worth the while.
Wipe the tears from out your eye;
Things will get worse if you cry;
Seek the paths where roses lie;
There is every reason why
You should wear a smile.

Though the clouds are dark to view,
Still behind the sky is blue,
And the sun will soon shine through
With his golden gleams on you
If you work away.
Though the day be dark and drear,
What's the use to quake in fear?
Wipe away that idle tear,
Look to see the dawning clear
Of a brighter day.

Locked within their icy tomb
Are the flowers of springtime's bloom;
In good time they'll light the gloom,
Scent the air with sweet perfume

As you trudge along.

Life is always what it's made,
Why should you, then, be dismayed?
Keep on going, unafraid,
Every doubt can be allayed
With a cheerful song.

Keep on working with a will;
Tackle e'en the steepest hill;
Bid each doubt and fear be still
And each day with duty fill—

Duty noble done.

Try again if once you fail;
At one ill-success don't rail;
Bravely face life's fiercest gale;
Don't sit down to weep and wail—
Thus success is won.

THE STRIKING DIFFERENCE

He struck for decent wages and was promptly thrown
in jail

When he gently smote a "scab" upon the head.
And his union was berated and its principles assailed;
It was called a place where anarchy is bred.
Jam the fellow into prison! Keep him there until he rots!

He disturbs the even tenor of our ways.
He would form a trust in labor! Perish all such horrid
thoughts—

Keep such anarchists in prison all their days!

Call the troops and call the sheriff;

Call the judge and get a writ!
Show the common working devil
He must keep his proper level—
That's it!

He cornered wheat and doubled up the price on flour and bread,

And saw starvation spread on ev'ry side.
Hungry children cried for supper, want and misery were spread

While he quickly garnered in the golden tide.
Hail the great financial captain! Hail the King of Golden Wheat!

Bow in honor to this wonder worker's mind.
He has piled up added millions and his corner is complete;
As a plunger he's the king pin of his kind.

Bring the royal robes of purple,
Let the dancing girls be brought.
On him royal roses shower
As a tribute to his power—
That's what!

If in sheerest desperation he protects his little flock
By the theft of but a single loaf of bread,
Clasp the handcuffs tight upon him, thrust him in the prison dock;

Fling the curses of the righteous at his head!
But if by manipulation he depletes the widow's store,
If by cunning he can mint her tears of gold;
If he profits by the burdens he imposes on the poor
We must hail him as a man of business bold.

Thrust the small thief into prison!
For the big thief praises sing!
Workers, keep your proper station,
Board of Trade men rule the nation—
Sure thing!

HOMEWARD BOUND

The fleet is sailing home again; it's crossed the Seven Seas;

Old Glory from each battleship swings out upon the breeze.

The stars have shown in ev'ry port, it's stripes of white and red

Have lighted many a foreign port as round the world it sped.

The nations of the earth have seen the flag we love the best—

The fleet has borne it round the world from out the Golden West.

And now the ships that carried it are on the homeward tack;

So three times three! And once again—the fleet is coming back.

Our bands played "Dixie" in Japan, and "Hail Columbia," too.

On China's shores they've played the strains of old "Red, White and Blue."

"Hot Time" they played on India's shores, and on Egyptian sands

"Star Spangled Banner's" glorious strains came ringing from the bands.

'Twas "Yankee Doodle" for John Bull—he'd heard the strains before

As shrilled from fife and rolled from drums above the cannon's roar.

But now the fleet is come back across Atlantic's foam,
And all the men sing while the bands are playing "Home, Sweet Home."

The fleet is homeward bound again; the flag is coming back.

The ships have circled round the earth; they're on the
homeward tack.

From Occident to Orient, wherever ships may ride,
They've borne aloft Old Glory's folds, they've been our
boast and pride.

Brave Lawrence looks down from aloft and watches
ev'ry day;

And Foote, and Jones, and Farragut—they guard the
homeward way.

The old sea heroes watch the course across the raging
main—

So three times three! And then once more—the fleet is
home again!

THE DAY AFTER

“Licked to a frazzle!” But, say,
What is the use of repining?
Home at the close of the day—
Arms of our loved ones entwining.
Out of the fret and the worry,
Out of the din and the strife;
Out of the battle and worry—
Home and the joytime of life.

Downed in the battle! But, say,
What is the profit in sorrow?
Love is still lighting the way
On to a glorious morrow.
Out of the turmoil and fuming,
Out of the worry and wiles,
Love with its welcome is looming,
Beckoning on with its smiles.

Whipped to a standstill! But, say,
Still there is joy in the losing
If love binds the wounds of the fray
After the battle's confusing.
Out of the smoke and the rattle,
After the heat of the fray;
After the din of the battle,
Love lights the close of the day.

SMILE

When you think life's not worth while,
Sit straight up and force a smile.
Smile, and shake your fist at fate—
Hit the line; don't hesitate.
Smile and say, "World, howd'y do;
Here's a-looking straight at you!"
Shake yourself and force a smile.
You'll see clear sky after while.

When you meet a brother, smile;
Grasp his hand, walk double file.
Smile, and say, "Hello, old chum;
Cheer up; Don't be sad and glum!"
Smile, and every time you do
It pays interest to you.
Waste of time salt tears to shed—
Smile, and keep on straight ahead.

In the crowded market place—
Keep a glad smile on your face.
Frown, and you give birth to doubt—
Next thing you'll be down and out.
Smile, and say, "Things coming fine—
Only car load lots in mine!"
Waste of time to sigh and sob—
Smile, and stick tight to the job.

WINTER MORNINGS

When the frost is on the fodder,
And a tingle in the air;
When the pumpkins have been gathered
And the corn is shucked with care;
When the grease is in the griddle
And the batter's in the crock,
Life's worth living winter mornings
When you rise at 6 o'clock.

When the cakes are on the griddle,
And the syrup's in the jug;
When the coffee has been settled,
And the fire is warm and snug;
When you smell the breakfast ready,
And you hear the "get up" knock,
There's a lot of joy in living,
Though you rise at 6 o'clock.

When the buckwheats reach the table,
Mountain high and piping hot;
When with syrup and with butter
They glide to the proper spot;
When you've eaten all you're able,
Full of "bucks" your wife has sent,
You can hike off to the office
Full of grub and sweet content.

Talk to me of pate de foi gras!
Talk of sauces, puddings, pies!
Talk of table d'hote and cuisine—
Not from me they'll get a prize.
Give to me the smoking buckwheats,
Stacked up high and piping hot;
Maple syrup, golden butter—
Ah, that hits the proper spot!

DON'T WORRY

When the sun is blazing hot,
Don't worry!
When the breezes bloweth not,
Don't worry!
Think how it affects the corn;
Bumper crop, as sure's you're born—
Get up smiling every morn.
Don't worry!

When the iceman brings his bill,
Don't worry!
Keep your tongue and temper still.
Don't worry!
Pay his huge outrageous toll,
For they've got you in a hole—
If not ice, then it's for coal—
Don't worry!

Things look bad the country through?
Don't worry!
Can't help things by looking blue.
Don't worry!
Smile and just keep on your way,
Things will work out right some day,
So let nothing you dismay—
Don't worry!

Every dark cloud in your sight—
Don't worry!
Has a silver lining bright.
Don't worry!
Don't let trouble trouble you;
Just refuse to fret and stew;
To your own good sense prove true—
Don't worry!

Hot, of course; but what of that?

Don't worry!

It will make the harvest fat.

Don't worry!

Toil today—tomorrow rest;

Brace your nerves to stand each test,

For whatever is, is best—

Don't worry!

HERE'S HOPIN'

The doctors down in Houston donned their antiseptic clothes,

Sharpened up their knives and saws in proper style;
Held a smelly ether bottle right beneath Judd Lewis' nose,

And projected 'round his insides for a while.
First they carved out his appendix, then they sewed him up again,

Then departed, leaving whiterobed nurses near.
Now we're waiting, and a hopin' he will soon take up his pen

And resume his work o' writing songs of cheer.

An appendix is a Trifle that can cause a lot of woe,

So with Judd's the doctors Tampered yesterday.
And they say he's doing bully, and it tickles us to know
That he'll soon be up and feelin' blythe and gay.
For we miss his bubblin' humor, and we miss his lilting rhyme,

And we're waitin' and a hopin' soon to hear
That Judd Lewis has recovered and is puttin' in his time
A "Tamperin' with Trifles" with good cheer.

DON'T KNOCK

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son,
Nor polish a marble with knocks;
You'll not long deceive with great clamor, my son,
Nor profit by throwing of rocks.
You never can rise to the heights of success
By pulling down others who've gained it
By steadily working through storm and through stress—
They've buckled to work, not disdained it.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son,
Nor polish a diamond with bricks;
The world soon tires of mere clamor, my son,
And punctures the sharpest of tricks.
You never can rise by mere envy or hate,
Or growling at those who've succeeded
By honestly toiling both early and late—
'Tis workers, not shirkers, that's needed.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son,
Nor fasten bridge timbers with tacks;
The world soon shuns a wind-jammer, my son;
You can't build to last with mere wax.
To win you must hustle with might and with main,
And give recompense for your wages,
For those who strive hardest deserve greatest gain—
True worth is the best of all gages.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son,
Nor write for the future in sand;
The world asks more than mere clamor my son—
It's work of the brain and the hand.
So labor away with a whistle and laugh,
And scatter good cheer as you labor.
Don't worry—the world soon winnows out chaff—
It's the wheat that you sell to your neighbor.

THE RICHEST GIFT

“What shall I give?” asked the angel,

“The dwellers of earth to rejoice?

Power to see through futurity’s veil?

Power to quiet tempestuous gale?

Or might that makes right though justice shall fail

And Error throttle Truth’s voice?”

“Nay, let it be sunshine,” said one,

“To tint with its splendor the sky;

Giving its warmth to the dwellers of earth;

Filling their souls with the essence of mirth;

Plenty of sunshine—of sorrow a dearth—

When sunshine forever is nigh.”

“Nay, let it be rain,” said another,

“For sorrow is every man’s share.

Sorrow for wrongs never righted by men;

Sorrow for wounds caused by deed, word or pen—

Sorrowing now for the deeds of the then—

Bearing a burden of care.”

“Nay, let it be both,” spake another;

“Mixture of sunshine and shower;

Sunshine to lighten his pathway below;

Raindrops to cause the rich harvests to grow;

Teaching him praises on God to bestow

For His omnipotent power.”

The last is the blessing bestowed—

Sunshine and rain each in season,

Sunshine to drive away sorrow and gloom;

Rain drops to swell the green buds into bloom;

Beacons of hope in the dark of the tomb,

Pointing the future elysian.

THE DISPATCHER

They sing the sounding praises of the daring engineer
With hand upon the throttle, keenly gazing straight
ahead.

They always hail him hero; say he's ignorant of fear;
But he's only minding orders, and his signals, white
or red.

But the man who bears the burden is the man you never
see—

Seated in a stuffy office far above the noisy street;
Busy brain with figures buzzing, nimble fingers on the
key,

And his eyes are never lifted from his long train-order
sheet.

And it's Nos. Four and Seven

That must meet at Perkins' Switch;

And the engineers plunge safely

Through the darkness black as pitch.

Nos. Two and Twenty-seven,

Rushing onward like the wind,

But the crews will mind their orders—

Safe the passengers behind.

They praise the financial captains who have organized the
lines

Into mighty railroad systems over which vast treasure
rolls;

Reaching factory towns and forests, climbing up to dis-
tant mines;

Stretching over plain and mountain, bringing in the
golden tolls.

But the men who keep trains running never pose for
public gaze.

Theirs to do amid the clatter—that to them is music
sweet—

Of the noisy sounders clearing all the long steel-girdled
ways,

As they bend to mark the figures on the long train-
order sheet.

Nos. Thirteen and Eleven

Meet and pass at Bilikens' Bend.

No. Two wait for the "flyer"—

Take the switch at New Rostend.

Just a flimsy bit of paper,

Words by the dispatcher sent;

And the tourists in the coaches

Rest in safety and content.

The papers sing the praises of the managers who glide

O'er the road in private coaches, looking worried, look-
ing wise;

Giving interviews in plenty, filling local men with pride

As they wave them recognition while the special on-
ward flies.

But the man who makes for safety of the magnate and
his crew

Is the man that the reporters seldom have a chance to
meet.

He's cooped up within his office, far removed from public
view,

Growing stooped, and gray, and wrinkled, over his
train-order sheet.

You must slow down at Cohasset;

Weakened bridge—reduce your speed.

Keep control until you pass it.

And the engineers give heed.

Just one man—you never see him—

Bears alone the mighty load;

And his orders carry safely

Millions o'er the busy road.

ALL'S WELL!

I'll face the music, come what may—
Great music or bitter sorrow;
The sun may hide its face today,
But it will shine tomorrow.
And if the road seems rough and long
I'll make it smoother, brighter,
By trudging on with smile and song
To make my burden lighter.

I'll face the music, come what may—
My heart with hope is throbbing.
The work that faces me each day
Can not be done by sobbing.
Each daily stunt I'll do my best,
My efforts best recording;
Content that God will do the rest
And care for the rewarding.

TODAY

Don't waste time in sighing
For old days;
Don't waste time in crying
For old ways.
Better days than yesterdays
Leave no time for sorrow;
On them better fix your gaze—
Today and tomorrow.

Don't waste time in fretting
For lost hours;
Don't waste time regretting
The lost flowers.

Better hours are growing
Than memory can borrow;
Sweeter flowers are blowing—
Today and tomorrow.

Don't waste time repining
O'er bad days;
Don't waste time declining
The good ways.
Smile and look around you,
And new courage borrow.
Better days surround you—
Today and tomorrow.

AFTERWHILE

We are going to "cut the mustard,"
Afterwhile.
Likewise be "all to the custard,"
Afterwhile.
But today we're in poor fettle,
So we'll let our feelings settle;
But we're going to show our mettle
Afterwhile.

We will wipe out all injustice
Afterwhile.
We'll do lots of big things—trust us—
Afterwhile.
But today is full of pleasure
And its golden hours we'll treasure;
But we'll start on some great measure
Afterwhile.

It's the greatest country ever—
Afterwhile.
And to reach it's our endeavor,
Afterwhile.
But today we'll spend in dreaming,
Wasting hours of golden gleaming;
And await a glad dawn's beaming
Afterwhile.

REVISED MOTHER GOOSE

If all the world were water
And all the water were ink,
Would Wall Street be first
To die of thirst?
Perhaps—but I don't think.

There was a crooked man
Who made a crooked deal,
And amassed a crooked fortune
In crooked iron and steel.
He financed crooked politics
And played it A to Z—
He's now a crooked senator,
In Washington, D. C.

Jack Sprat would fry the fat,
The G. O. P. would spend it.
The tariff grafter
Shook with laughter
When victims would defend it.

A MASCULINE ADMISSION

What was it made what mother'd bake

Seem just right?

And Echo, who makes no mistake,

Said, "Appetite!"

And what makes modern cooking taste

So stale and raw?

Then Echo spake with sudden haste,

"Dys—pep—si—ah!"

The "old oaken bucket that hung in the well"

With germ-ridden moss was covered completely.

'Twas thirst from hard work in the unshaded dell

That made the cool water within it taste sweetly.

The sal'rateus biscuit with brown streaks in it,

And yellow, and soggy, were a constant delight;

'Twas hunger from work every daylighted minute

That gave us the joys of a keen appetite.

The sparkling, clear water we draw from a pipe

Is stale, tasteless stuff when thirst we're assuaging;

'Tis chewing tobacco, the meerchaum o'er ripe,

And beer and such stuff, that our palates are aging.

The light, flaky biscuits we now have to eat

Are triumphs of art in the line gustatory.

Alas and alack! With our stomach dead beat

We have to fall back on that "like mother" story.

Our wives can give both cards and spades

To old-time cooks.

The tripping phrase, "Like mother made,"

Sounds well—in books.

The fault is not that modern "eats"

Are so degraded.

Truth says: "Your taste, through beer and sweets,

Is stale and jaded."

AT THE GROCERY STORE

Bill Smithers was a talkin' of th' plans an' policies
Which Roosevelt is pushin' to bring Wall Street to its
knees;

An' William, when he's started, slings th' language
mighty free.

"I tell you, boys," he shouted, "Teddy's just a suitin'
me;

Them Wall Street sharks he's hookin' an' a pullin' 'em
to land,

An' reducin' of their power in a way to beat th' band."
But just then Tom Bobbins entered an' he says to Bill,
says he:

"Does Wall Street make objection to th' shippin' sub-
sidy?"

That stumped Bill for a minute, but he caught his breath
an' said,

While cuttin' some terbacker an' a waggin' of his head:
"Th' president is trimmin' of them gamblin' fellers'
claws,

An' showin' them they're subject to th' country's rules
an' laws;

He's a callin' 'em to order, an' they have to walk th'
chalk—

I tell you Ted's a wonder, an' they jump to hear him
talk."

And Bobbins, never smilin', looks at Bill an' says,
says he:

"Have you heard Wall Street objectin' to th' asset cur-
rency?"

Bill swallowed his terbacker, but he comes back mighty
game

An' shouted that Tom Bobbins ought to feel a sense o'
shame

For ever intimatin' that th' president was wrong,
An' then continued talkin' with an accent good an'
strong:

"The president is bustin' every trust that shows its head,
An' Wall Street is objectin' 'cause it kills their gamb-
lin' dead."

Then Bobbins, with a chuckle, looks at Bill an' says, says
he:

"Have you heard Wall Street objectin' to his tariff
policy?"

Then Smithers rose a snortin' an' he said he wouldn't
stay

When Bobbins was insultin' Roosevelt in such a way.

"He compelled them railroad fellers to give decent rail-
road rates,

An' he's got 'em goin' plenty on th' matter of rebates;
Which th' same is mighty pleasin' to th' honest men I
meet,

But is mighty bitter p'ison to th' schemers in Wall
Street."

But Bobbins he was ready, an' he says to Bill, says he:

"Have you heard Wall Street objectin' to his federal
policy?"

"You traitor!" Smithers shouted as he jumped straight
up in air,

But Bobbins wasn't flustered an' just titled back his chair,

"You weary me," said Smithers, "with your narrow pol-
itics,

A fightin' 'stead of helpin' Roosevelt with your best licks.
He's republican, is Teddy, an' th' best since Lincoln's
day;

That's the reason that you Bourbons won't give Theodore
fair play."

Then Bobbins shakes with laughin' an' he says to Bill,
says he:

"All them good things you have mentioned he got from
democracy."

NEW YEAR GREETING

I wish a happy prosp'rous year
To all my good friends, far and near;
From California 'cross to Maine.
From lakes to gulf, and back again;
From north to south, from east to west,
I wish for each of you the best
The New Year has within its store—
All this I wish for you—and more.

I wish a year of joy and peace;
From sorrow and from pain release;
For friends about on every side,
And love's doors ever opened wide;
Hope's full fruition day by day.
And sunshine all along your way.
And harbor safe when tempests roar—
All this I wish for you—and more.

For you I wish, instead of gold,
That you may gracefully grow old;
That each day's slowly setting sun
Will see some duty nobly done.
I wish that home ties stronger grow,
That for you flowers bloom and blow,
That God's rich blessings on you pour—
All this I wish for you—and more.

The best that's old, the best that's new—
All, all of these, I wish for you.

MARCH

Don't you fret about the weather
For the rain and sleet and snow
Blowing down on hill and heather
Make the May time roses blow.
Rain today and blow tomorrow;
Skies o'ercast with leaden gloom;
Bid goodby to doubt and sorrow—
Soon the April buds will bloom.

Seas of mud spread out before us,
But the sun again will glow,
Flowers will shed their perfume o'er us
When May breezes softly blow.
Dark today, tomorrow brighter;
Gloom today, tomorrow's blue
Of the skies will make hearts lighter—
When the crocuses peep through.

APRIL

The little buds begin to swell,
The grass is showing green;
The unlocked rills are flowing on
With rippling, silvery sheen.
The chickens scratch my garden plot
Despite the clod's I've flung,
And by these signs I'm confident
That spring's been sprung.

The burning hoopskirt taints the air,
The dust clouds sail on high;
And from some hiding place unknown
Now comes the noisome fly.
I've got to beat a lot of rugs

Upon the clothesline hung,
And by these signs I know full well
That spring's been sprung.

My better half has got a cloth
Tied tight around her head;
The bedclothes and the furniture
Are in the back yard spread.
The meals she gets are mighty scant
Although she knows I'm hung?
Ry as a bear—and thus, I know
That spring's been sprung.

LASSITUDE

The Southern breezes softly sing
Of gentle, dreamy, balmy spring;
I can not write a single thing
Worth while.
I can but sit and idly gaze
Across the green clad meadow ways
To where the laughing brooklet plays,
Each isle
A little gem to catch the eye
As murmuring waves go rippling by.
A tinge of spring is in the air,
A thousand songbirds now declare
The coming flowers perfumed rare,
And I—
I can but sit and grind away
At my machine day after day
From early morn till twilight gray,
And try
To keep the old-time rhyming pace
And fill about the same old space.

This touch of springtime makes me feel
I'd like to take my rod and reel
And to the lake or river steal
And fish.

To feel again the keen delight
Of humming reel and silk line tight
As wary bass or trout took flight.
I wish

I did not have this space to fill,
I'd skip out now—and so I will.

SONGS O' CHEER

What's the use o' weepin'?
Better days are comin' soon.
Don't be cryin', but be tryin'
F'r t' lilt a merry tune.

What's th' use o' moanin'
If th' day is dark an' drear!
Clouds don't matter—they will scatter
If you sing a song o' cheer.

What's the use o' grumblin'
If your plans go all awry?
Keep on smilin' all th' while an'
You will git there by an' by.

What's th' use o' kickin'
At your tough, untimely fate?
On tomorrow shove your sorrow
An' keep hustlin' while you wait.

What's th' use o' cryin'
'Cause all days ain't days o' June?
Prick the bubble you call trouble
An' strike up a merry tune.

SMILE AND HUSTLE

When your plans go all awry,
Smile and hustle.
Not a bit of use to cry.
Smile and hustle.
Waste of time to fret and scold;
Brace, and get another hold;
Meet the future brave and bold—
Smile and hustle.

Some big scheme wound up in wreck?
Smile and hustle.
Bad luck smite you in the neck?
Smile and hustle.
Be a man among big men,
Grab a hold and try again,
Spit upon your hands, and then
Smile and hustle.

When a brave man hits the bumps—
Smile and hustle.
Then is when he up and humps,
Smile and hustle.
Waste of time to weep and wail,
Just forget that small word "fail,"
Don't moon 'round till you go stale—
Smile and hustle.

Everybody has bad luck.
Smile and hustle.
That's the time to show your pluck.
Smile and hustle.
Say, "Hard luck, goodbye to you,"
Start off on a tack that's new,
Keep straight on with purpose true,
Smile and hustle.

THE SINGER AND THE SONG

The singer sang, his heart aflame
With Freedom's holy light.
He sang for love and not for fame;
His highest hope and dearest aim
To hold aloft the right.

Stilled was his pen! His work complete,
The singer sang no more.
He thought his song with rythm sweet,
With love for humankind replete,
Lost in the mad world's roar.

A song of hope and joy and cheer
Set hearts to beating light.
It banished sorrow's falling tear,
Dispelled the clouds of doubt and fear,
And all the world grew bright.

Forgot the singer! But the song
Still stirs the hearts of men.
When bowed beneath the tyrant's wrong
They sing it in a chorus strong
And stand free men again.

THE BANQUET

I have heard in song and story of the man behind the gun,
Of the man behind the plowshare and the pen.
I have read of hero medals on the field of battle won,
And of honors won by writing deeds of men.
But I come to sing the praises of the man who makes a hit
With the people who attend the banquet spread—
Of the witty, clever talker who well knows just when to
quit,
And who quits before his auditors are dead.

I have heard of martial heroes in their panoplied array,
And I love to hear their praises sweetly sung;
But I'd rather hail the hero of the gustatory fray
Who can realize just when to stop his tongue.
It is easy to go whooping up the bullet-ridden slope
With your comrades all a-whooping by your side—
But it's hard to stop the speaker who is full on lingual
dope
And keeps pouring out his talk in endless tide.

We have had the nervous fidgets on occasions quite a
score
When the endless talker overworked his jaws;
We have sat and dumbly suffered while some double-
winded bore
Talked and talked without a sign of halt or pause.
We have seen the weary feasters marching out in solid
squad
To escape the turgid flow of "eloquence;"
But we've always had to suffer from the bore's linguistic
wads
That were merely endless words sans rhyme or sense.

Here's a health to banquet speakers who are wise on when
to cease,
And who quit when they have nothing more to say;
But the weary, dreary spouter—may he know no rest or
peace
Till he comes to face the final judgment day.
Then may he get nought but justice—and this sentence
I'd impose
On the endless banquet talker's bullethead:
"Through the ages you must listen to your drivel as it
flows
From the redhot phonographs around you spread."

AGRICULTURAL

In January how I love
To dream of hoe and spade,
And in my dreams to contemplate
The garden I have made.
In February how I plan
Straight row and level bed,
And dream of lettuce, peas and beans,
And radishes so red.

In March I walk around the lot
And mark with care each place
Where ev'ry vegetable will grow
In meet and proper grace.
In April I take up the tools
And work till hands are sore—
Then buy my summer green goods at
The corner grocery store.

STILL A RUNNIN'

Ol' Satan tryin' t' git me, but I'm keepin' up my pace;
Gwine t' keep a runnin' 'cause I gotter win th' race;
An' I ain't no time to worry
'Cause I'm in a mighty hurry,
An' ol' Satan's right behin' me with a grin upon his face.
Ol' Satan gwine t' cotch me if I even hesitate,
So I'm jumpin' like a rabbit at a mighty rapid rate.
Heard ol' Satan say I'm due him,
But I sw'ar I never knew him,
An' I hustle moughty lively 'cause I gotter miss his date.
Got my eyes on glory fas'ened an' I hurry on my way;
Theology ain't pressin' for no argument today.

Jus' keep runnin' while I'm prayin'
 'Cause I hear ol' Satan sayin,
 That I'm owin' him a plenty an' I gotter stop an' pay.
 'Cotch my breath an' keep a goin' right along to glory's
 goal;
 There's a prize that's worth th' winnin,' an' it's my im-
 mortal soul.
 If I pause f'r but a minute
 Then ol' Satan boun' t' win it—
 Watch me go—ol' Satan never gwine t' git me in a hole.
 Glory Hallelujer brother! I have cotched my breath
 ag'in!
 Hear my feet a pattin' glory as they run away from sin.
 Peter, fling dat gate wide open,
 F'r dis runner am a hopin'
 Dat he's gwine t' distance Satan an' a-crown o' glory
 win.

ALWAYS

I love to sing of the rolling sea
 (I live on the prairies wide.)
 I love to sing of the wild waves free
 (I never have seen the tide.)
 Of whitening sails and stormy gales
 (Gee! Haw! And the corn rows tall.)
 And long lee rails and wild sea tales
 (O, the dinner horn's sweet call.)
 I love to sing as the sun sails by
 The print shop's redhot windows high.
 Yo, heave, O!
 Blow, winds, blow!
 I sing of the sea and its life so free
 Though a blamed thing of it I do not know.

I love to sing of the knights of old
 (My lance is an old stub pen.)
I love to dream of their deeds so bold
 (Gadzooks! What a red hot den!)
Of lance and shield and armour bright
 (A linen suit for me.)
Of jousts and bouts for truth and right
 (Back to my den I flee.)
I love to sing of the old crusades
While hunting the ever welcome shades.
 Lance in rest!
 Fight with zest!
I sing of knights and their brave old fights
But I opine that these days are best.

I love to sing of the "Boys in Blue"
 (A shirt waist suit for mine.)
Brave boys of "deeds of daring do"
 (A home life suits me fine.)
A clash of arms on the battlefield
 (Me for the quiet life.)
Brave boys who will not ever yield
 (I flee from the storm and strife.)
I love to sing of the battle's roar
With smoke of cannons hanging o'er.
 Hip, Hooray!
 Charge away!
I sing of the brave men true and tried
But safe in my den I think I'll stay.

I love to sing of the harvest field
 (I don't know oats from wheat.)
I love to sing of the fertile yield
 (Me for the soft old seat.)
Of rippling grain when the cool winds blow
 (An electric fan in mine.)

Of ripe grain noddling to and fro
 (In the evening long 'bout nine.)
The reaper's music floating free
So quickly stirs the soul of me.
 Click, clack, click!
 Is the measure quick.
'Tis sweet refrain from the ripened grain
But here at my desk I think I'll stick.

POOR MAN

Poor man! His life is full of woes
As down the rugged path he goes.
He rises at the break of day
And starts off feeling blythe and gay,
But e'er he's started on the morn
He finds the cutworms in his corn,
And in the fields of waving wheat
He sees the chintz bugs gaily eat.

A man comes tripping o'er the clods
And sells him miles of lightning rods,
And with a pretty fountain pen
He signs a little contract—then
In thirty days the bank says, "You
Must pay your note; it's long past due."
Or some smooth politician hies
Upon the scene and gaily lies
Until the man, deluded chump,
Frames for himself another bump.

At noon he tries to take his ease
Beneath the shade of leafy trees.
But just as he begins to nap
An agent comes with county map

Or books galore, for him to scan
And pay for on installment plan.
Then, ere he ope's his mouth to speak
He's stuck a year—two plunks a week.
He sends to congress some smooth guy
Who says the tariff is too high;
And while he dreams of sweet release
The fellow votes for big increase.
He studies hard to learn the facts
About his state and county tax,
Then votes to get some great relief
And finds he's only added grief.

He plans to take a little trip
And all his chickens take the pip,
Or cholera infests his hogs
Or fleas attack his favorite dogs.
He has a daughter and at last
He gets her wedding day well past,
And finds instead of losing one
He's only gained another son.

Poor man! His life is full of ills
And ipecac and dope and pills.
His frame is choked with creaks and aches;
His course is full of foolish breaks.
He grows up like a pumpkin vine
And wilts down like a piece of twine.
Poor man! No matter how he jumps
He's due to get some awful bumps.

THE TEST

Without doubt you've often noticed midst the ever busy
throng

Some man who had a story of hard luck that lasted long;
A man who had a grievance at the world and always
whined

Just because, with rush and bustle, it had left him far
behind.

Oft he tells his plaintive story of a fortune won and lost,
And he wonders at his failure as he counts the bitter cost.
And the more you listen to him it is easier to guess
That the cause of his position is—he couldn't stand suc-
cess.

There's a man who once was honored with a high official
place,

Who is now by all derided and condemned to deep dis-
grace.

When he took the oath of office he intended to be square,
Do his duty to the people in a manner upright, fair;

But his elevation dazed him and his power turned his
brain

And a sick, disgusted people wouldn't stand for him
again.

Now he says they are ungrateful, but it isn't hard to guess
That the cause of his position is—he couldn't stand suc-
cess.

Some of this world's greatest failures are the men who
climbed up high,

Who won fame and long attracted notice from the public
eye,

Then "fell down"—the worst of failures, for they never
understood

That to win is not sufficient; they must keep on "making
good."

For the world is always watching and applies the strictest
test,
Which to meet a man must hustle and perform his very
best.
And the man who wins and loses, then emits howls of
distress
Stands before the world a "quitter"—for he couldn't
stand success.

FISHING

When the winds of May are blowing o'er the fields abloom
with flowers,
And a dreamy feeling gets me during all my working
hours:
When the rippling of the waters sounds like music soft
and low,
And I get the scent of blossoms winds are wafting to and
fro,
Then is when I want to gather all my troubles into one
And forget it for a season—want to seize my rod and run
To the deep, primeval forest where old Nature's at her
best,
And the old reel's clicking music lulls me into perfect
rest.

When the boat is idly rocking on the waters cool and
deep,
And the shadows eastward turning o'er the water gently
creep;
When the soft winds sigh above me and the waters moan
below,
And Dame Nature paints her pictures with a tinge of
sunset glow,
Then I learn life's sweetest lessons as I listen there
alone—

Sermons from the living waters, sermons writ on mossy
stone,
And the world's hard toil forgetting life takes on an
added zest
While the old reel's magic music lulls me into perfect rest.
When the evening shadows gather and I row my boat
ashore,
And the summer moon is gently shedding silv'ry radiance
o'er
All the world, and silence brooding bids me troubles to
forsake
As I lay outstretched and resting, half asleep and half
awake;
And the wavelets gently lapping, and the rustling leaves
of green
Carry me unmeasured distance from the market's busy
scene—
Then I sink away to slumber on Dame Nature's ample
breast,
And the old reel's dreamland music makes the slumber
perfect rest.

MY DESIRE

I ask not wealth
To pile in golden store.
I ask but health
That I may toil the more
For those I love that I may give
Them daily comfort while they live.

I ask not fame
To blazon 'round the earth.
I hope my name

Will stand for honest worth
So that my children proudly wear
The humble name their parents bear.

I ask not place
 To wield official power.
I ask for grace
 Upon me every hour
So I may ample time employ
To scatter smiles and hope and joy.

I ask not length
 Of idle days to live.
I ask for strength
 To help me gladly give
A helping hand to those downcast
Beside my way as I walk past.

I ask not ease
 While others suffer loss
I ask to seize
 And help them to bear the cross
So they, too, stand erect a while
And look about with face illumined with smile.

I ask not days
 To spend in selfish gain.
I ask but ways
 To banish grief and pain,
So that at close of ev'ry day
"He helped me on," some soul will say.

I ask no prize
 That earth may hold in store.
I ask mine eyes
 May see yon fairer shore;
That I may hear at life's descending sun
The final verdict passed: "Well done."

INDEX

Absence	55
At Eventide.....	23
A Shock.....	52
At the Ball Game.....	81
An Anniversary.....	93
All Right.....	144
All's Well.....	175
At the Grocery Store.....	179
April	182
Agricultural	188
Always	189
Before and After.....	152
Brace Up.....	154
Bright Side, The.....	162
Banquet, The.....	186
Baby Blue Eyes.....	15
Bed Time.....	48
Baby's Shoes	49
Contents	39
Cheerupathist, The.....	111
Christmas	124
Dixie	135
Day After, The.....	166
Don't Worry.....	169
Don't Knock.....	171
Dispatcher, The.....	173
Denman Thompson.....	103
Dickey Boy.....	11
Dood Mornin'!.....	31
Day Dreams.....	33
Easy	127
Farmer Pays It All, The.....	128
Fifteen Years.....	102
From the Valley.....	7
For Me	10
Flat Owner's Fate, The.....	41
Fancies	69
Forty-four	96
Forty-five	98

Forty-seven	100
Going Back.....	109
God Bless Him.....	113
Goiugh Out to Grandma's.....	45
Good Night; Sleep Tight!.....	22
Grandpa	104
Growing Up.....	17
Grief in Boyville.....	70
Home Again.....	44
Hello, Pop!.....	51
His Fate.....	58
Hello, Neighbor!.....	74
Hands Across the Border.....	143
Homeward Bound.....	165
Here's Hopin'.....	170
In the Old Days.....	131
Is It Worth While.....	132
In the Shadow of the Mountains.....	139
June Time.....	145
Joys O' Winter.....	151
Just Money Enough.....	32
Joel Chandler Harris.....	63
John's Wealth.....	117
Life	137
Locating the Blame.....	138
Longing	40
Lassitude	183
Little Man.....	20
Lonely	24
Lookout Man	29
Lullaby	46
Louis and Ruth.....	54
Little Bill, To.....	57
Looking Backward	60
Let 'Em Ride.....	61
Lights O' Home.....	72
Like a Boy Again.....	90
March	182
My Vacation.....	118

Mistletoe, The	119
My Part.....	118
Making Good.....	156
Man Who Makes the State.....	157
Masculine Admission, A.....	178
Mother's Work.....	83
My Prayer	5
My Pa	27
My Children and I.....	37
Meanest Man, The.....	43
My Wants.....	43
Memory	91
News From Home.....	107
Nod-a-Ville	40
Never Again.....	64
New Year Greeting.....	181
Old Songs.....	84
Ol' Man Armstead's Violin.....	80
One Who Was Not There.....	79
Off to School	50
Open Season, The.....	67
Old Songs.....	75
Old Folks at Home.....	105
Old Home Day.....	146
Opportunity	148
Pictures	110
Pioneers, The.....	121
Problem Worth While, A.....	158
Poor Man	191
Pay Day.....	65
Pessimist, The.....	68
Road to Yesterday.....	77
Richard Metcalfe Maupin.....	13
Relics	36
Road to Smileville.....	43
Reason, The	70
Real Music.....	120
Reverse of the Golden Shield, The.....	126
Richest Gift, The.....	126

Still a Runnin'.....	138
Smile and Hustle.....	185
Some Resolutions.....	134
Skiddoo!	155
Striking Difference, The.....	163
Smile	167
Songs O' Cheer.....	184
Santa Claus' Books.....	34
Statistical	73
Today	112
Thanksgiving	123-89
Three Singers.....	129
The Call	149
The Strike	159
Today	175
The Singer and the Song.....	186
To Her.....	82
The Baby	12
The Secret	14
The Youngest Boy.....	19
Two o' Mine.....	21
Three o' Mine.....	26
The Name.....	28
Two Weeks After.....	63
The Truant.....	94
Under the Mistletoe.....	116
Vain Surmising.....	6
Vacation Time.....	62
Writin' Rhymes.....	95
Where Pleasure Is.....	9
Wonderful	15
Wanted, a Name.....	23
Writing at Home.....	47
What's the Use?.....	76
When My Ship Comes In.....	115
Within the Week.....	142
When Washington Was Here.....	160
Winter Mornings.....	163
Young America.....	59

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 708 665 5

